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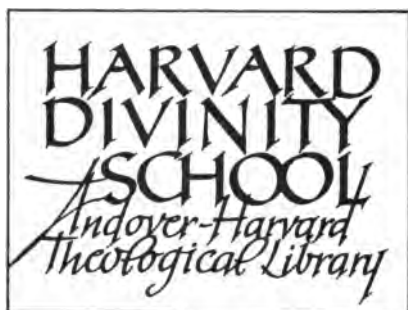
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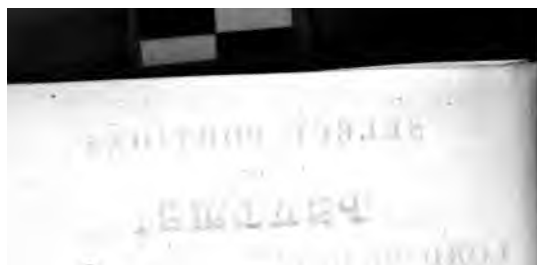
SELECT PORTIONS
OF
PSALMS,
FROM
VARIOUS TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES;
AND
HYMNS,
FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS:
MANY OF THEM CONSIDERABLY ALTERED,
In order to fit them
FOR THE USE OF CONGREGATIONS
IN THE
CHURCH OF ENGLAND;
AND THE WHOLE
Arranged according to her Yearly Seasons.

"Speaking to yourselves in Psalms and Hymns, and spiritual songs."
Eph. v. 19.

BY JOHN KEMPTHORNE, B. D.
EXAMINING CHAPLAIN to the LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER.

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**THE FOURTH EDITION.**  
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TO THE
HON. AND RIGHT REVEREND THE
LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER,

THE FOLLOWING
Collection of Psalms and Hymns,

AS A TOKEN
OF AFFECTION AND GRATITUDE,
AND A TRIBUTE
OF VERY HUMBLE EXERTION,
SUBSIDIARY, IF GOD VOUCHSAFE TO BLESS IT,
TO THE CONTINUAL
CARES AND LABOURS OF HIS LORDSHIP
FOR THE INTERESTS OF
OUR SAVIOUR'S KINGDOM IN THE WORLD,
AND, WHAT IS IN NO SMALL DEGREE CONNECTED
WITH THEM,

THE SPIRITUAL WELFARE OF
THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,

IS PRESENTED AND INSCRIBED

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S
MOST AFFECTIONATE SERVANT AND CHAPLAIN,

J. K.

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Advertisement

TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

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*In order to render the present an improved Edition, as far as appeared to be practicable, some Hymns, not well fitted for congregational use, have been removed to the Appendix; the whole has been carefully revised, and such corrections, chiefly verbal, made, as may better adapt it to the edifying and affecting exercise of public worship, particularly in the Church of England. Some Psalms and Hymns, not often sung, have been omitted, and some few new ones have been introduced, but in such a manner as not to disturb the order of the pages. The reasons of the slight corrections in many of the Psalms, &c. it is hoped, easily appear, on comparing them with the original, or the Bible Translation. The Work is now again humbly committed to the blessing of the GOD and FATHER of our JESUS CHRIST.*

## PREFACE.



**THE** arrangement of the following selection of Psalms and Hymns is apprehended to be new. The order of the subjects brought forward by the **CHURCH OF ENGLAND** in her proper Lessons, Epistles, Gospels, and Collects throughout the year, comprising a complete system of the inspired doctrines of redemption, has been followed.

Considerable alterations have been frequently made in the psalms and hymns, so that for many of them the Editor is almost solely responsible. But in general this work is a compilation.

For purposes of private devotion, some few pieces have been allowed a place in different parts of the book, though not so proper for a congregation; and for the poor, some explanations of difficult words are added at the bottom of the page.

*The object nearest the Editor's heart is the promotion of CONGREGATIONAL SINGING of "psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs." For singing praise to God seems to be as much a part*

worship as confession, or supplication ; and who meet in the house of God, or in far for religious exercises, should all join, *pro* they are able to sing with tolerable propriety in this, as well as other modes of expressing their inward devotion.

Accordingly, in the primitive times it appears to have been usual for all christian congregations to sing WITH ONE VOICE. The apostle's expression in Eph. v. 19, "speaking to *yourselves*" ought rather to be translated as in the parallel passage, Col. iii. 10, "speaking to *one another*" and implies a union of voices ; agreeable to Pliny's account of the first Christians, "*cantique Christo, quasi Deo, dicere secum invicem*"—"They sung a hymn to Christ as a God, *one another*." Our Lord himself joined with his disciples in singing hymns, supposed to have been psalms 113—118.—See Matt. xxvi. 30

Mosheim, directly contradicting Bingham Cave,\* says, that in the first century "canticles or hymns were sung, not by the whole assembly, but by persons appointed for that purpose." B. i. pt. ii. ch. iv. sec. 6. But he quotes no authority, except Justin Martyr's 2nd. Apology, p. 98, &c. where the Editor cannot find a syllable of the kind.

On the contrary, in answer to the question why christians use singing in their religious assemblies, Justin Martyr thus expresses himself : "In religious assemblies the use of music

\* See Bingham's Antiquities, b. iii. c. vii. art. 1.



“instruments\* being excluded, simple singing is left. For this sweetens the soul to a fervent desire of that which is celebrated in the song; lulls asleep the commotions of the flesh; drives away evil thoughts, suggested by our invisible enemies; waters the soul for the production of divine fruits; infuses into spiritual combatants a noble spirit of fortitude in calamities; is a remedy to the pious for all the evils of life.—That which is in the mind, and in the song, and (even) the prelude, is the word of God.—The accomplishments of the soul in the virtues of piety are effected for the pious, by the songs in religious assemblies;”† or, as it might be translated, “CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.”—*Quæst. et Respons. ad Orthodox.* p. 462. (Paris Edit.)

The Apostles and first Christians entirely dropped the ancient Hebrew use of “singing men, and singing women.” Musical instruments in churches were also condemned by the early fathers: but they were not acquainted with the organ, nor with any instrument equally solemn.‡

Burney, in his *History of Music*, states, it must be confessed, that congregational singing was practised by the Arians in the fourth century. On the other hand, he is constrained to allow, notwithstanding his prejudices, that it was

\* *Ἀψύχωνοργάνων.*

† *Τῶν ἀσμάτων τῶν ἐκκλησιαστικῶν.*

‡ See *Mason's Essays on Church Music*, Essay i. p. 27 and Essay iii. p. 198, 200.

adopted by almost all those *real* Reformers, who in various ages have opposed the encroachments of the Church of Rome. He begins with the Albigenses themselves, and besides them reckons up the Wickliffites, Hussites, Lutherans, and Calvinists.

Congregational singing of psalms and hymns *in metre* was introduced with the Reformation in various parts of Europe. There is extant a hymn book of the Bohemian brethren, printed at Ulm in 1538. Luther, besides translating the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, as well as his own Catechism, *into verse to be sung*, versified several Psalms, first the 30th, then the 12th, 14th, 46th, 53d, 67th, 124th, 128th, which last Huss had turned into verse before, and Luther only modernized. He also published several Hymn-books. The third which he edited at Wittenburg, had this title, "Spiritual Songs, which (blessed be God) are sung in the Church, taken from the writings of the true and holy Evangelists, 1525."—See Hist. of Music, vol. iii. p. 35. The famous translation of the Psalms into French verse by Clement Marot, was first sung in private by Lutherans and Calvinists, and even by Roman Catholics: but in 1553 these metrical psalms appeared in the same book with Calvin's Catechisms, and the Geneva Liturgy, on which the Catholics forbade all further use of them. Then Psalmist became another name for Huguenot; and psalm-singing, according to *Roman Catholic* writers, the signal for rebellion.

among Protestants abroad, may be learnt from the famous Roger Ascham, who, in a letter from Augsburg in 1551, says, "three or four thousand singing at a time in a church of this city is but a *trifle*."—History of Music, vol. iii. p. 30—35, 41—46, 61.

In the earliest stages of the Reformation in our own country, it seems to have been intended that the long-established method of *chaunting* the whole service with the psalms and other hymns from the *prose* translation of the Bible, "pointed as they are to be sung" in churches, and singing anthems, should still be continued as far as possible, by means of *choirs*, in all our congregations. Anthems were permitted to be taken not only from the authorized formularies of the Prayer-Book, but also from the authorized translation of the Bible, by the following proviso in the Act of Uniformity, published in the reign of King Edward the VI. A. D. 1548. "Provided also, that it shal be lawful for al men, as wel in Churches, Chapels, Oratories, or other places, to use openly any psalm or prayer *taken out of the Bible* at any due time, not letting or omitting thereby the service or any part thereof." But this species of church-music was too refined for popular use, and soon gave way every where, except in cathedrals, where it was cultivated with great success, to congregational and metrical psalmody. Hence, about the year 1550, the Psalter and other parts of the Prayer-Book began to be *done into English metre*: and Queen Elizabeth, in her injunctions to the clergy in

1559, though she still continues to direct  
 "there be a modest and decent song  
 "used in all parts of the Common Prayer  
 "church," yet nevertheless adds, "for  
 "forting of such as delight in music, if  
 "permitted that in the beginning or in  
 "of Common Prayer, either at morning  
 "ing, there may be sung an *hymn* or  
 "song, to the praise of Almighty God."

The sentiments of our later Reformer  
 collected from the following passage in  
 Bishop Jewell's letters to Peter Martyr,  
 by Burney, vol. iii. p. 61.—"A cha-  
 "appears more visible among the people  
 "*nothing promotes more than inviting  
 "sing psalms.* This was begun in  
 "in London, and did soon spread itself  
 "through the city, but in the neighbour-  
 "Sometimes at St. Paul's Cross there  
 "6000 persons singing together."  
 Reformation was carried on in a  
 degree by means of this practice.—II

The above extracts illustrate the  
 observations of Mason, in his *Essays on  
 Music*; that both Luther and Calvin  
 introduced metrical psalmody, *and  
 the whole congregation*; that in 15  
 three years before Sternhold's transla-

\* See Preface to the Supplement of  
 to the Collection of Psalms used in  
 and near York, 1817. called Belfrey's  
*an Inquiry into Historical Facts relative  
 to Psalms*, by Mr. Jonathan Gray, of

printed, after a sermon at Paul's Cross, they *all sung in common a psalm in metre*, as was then frequently done; and that the custom was brought from abroad by the exiles.—(Essay iii. p. 165—174.)

The discreet introduction of Metrical Hymns, together with Metrical Psalms, into our public worship, appears to be desirable, and justifiable, for the following reasons: 1. The version of Tate, and even that of Merrick, considered as devotional works, are in general very cold and unimpressive, the former sometimes *unscriptural*. 2. Many hymns may be found, which not only breathe a spirit of elegant poetry, and intense, yet rational devotion, but contain as much of the *words* of inspiration as any poetical version of psalms can well preserve. 3. Many occasions, and many subjects occur to congregations, who live under the *full* light of the Gospel, for which no adequate provision could be made in the Psalms of David. 4. Hymns and Spiritual Songs are joined with Psalms by St. Paul, in Ephes. v. 19. and Col. iii. 16.\* 5. Anthems from the Collects,

\* The variety of phrases used by St. Paul, intimates that the Christians did not confine themselves to singing the Psalms of David. At the same time it is not improbable, that *their* hymns were sometimes inspired. Justin Martyr, however, (A. D. 140,) in a letter, in which he professedly treats of the right conduct of life, says, that "we must sing *hymns*, and psalms, and songs, and praise;" and there is no room for supposing, that these were inspired in his time. (See Epist. ad. Zenam et Serenum, p. 509.) It was usual then, says Cave, for any persons to compose divine songs, and to sing them in public assemblies. The following passage also from Tertullian's Apology, pub-

which are human compositions, are constantly used in cathedral worship; hymns are often attached to the versions of the psalms in the Prayer-Books, dispersed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; and the *Veni Creator* in the Ordination Service is a very antient *Hymn in Verse*, sanctioned by the very highest human authority. Bishop Patrick says, on Psalm xcii. ver. 1, 2, "It is no less delightful than profitable to sing *hymns* in the praise of "divine perfection." Gardiner's "*Sacred Melodies*" contain about 90 Hymns, and our two *Archbishops* in 1814 were *Patrons* of the work. A collection of Psalms and Hymns has also been published for the churches of Buckden, &c. in the diocese of Lincoln, and dedicated by permission to the Bishop of Lincoln; and a selection of the same kind has recently been made for the use of St. Paul's Church, Sheffield, under the

lished the first of his works, and consequently long before he was infected with the errors of the Montanists, is very remarkable: "As every one is able, he is invited to sing "in public to God, out of the Sacred Scriptures, or from "his own composition (*ex suo ingenio*.)"—(Prim. Christ pt. l. ch. ix. and Poole's Synopsis on Eph. v. 19.) It was not till the beginning of the fourth Century, that the Council of Laodisea, which is of inferior authority forbade the custom of singing *private* compositions in public worship, probably as a temporary expedient to correct its abuse. Choirs were introduced about the same time, and not before, as an incidental remedy for the irreverence and unskilfulness of congregations. (See Bingham's Ant. as above.) Hymns, in our sense of the word, prevailed in the Church long before the reformation *some of them before the year 393.* See Mason's Essay on Church Music. P. 1. c. 2.

immediate direction and patronage of his Grace the Archbishop of York.

It is very commonly, but erroneously supposed, that the Old and New Versions of the Psalms are *enjoined* by some ecclesiastical or other authority. The claim of being "set forth and allowed by authority," which is advanced in the title-page of Sternhold and Hopkin's seems to have no support whatsoever. Heylin, in his History of the Reformation (p. 127,) speaks thus of the Psalms of the Old Version:—"They were *permitted* " rather than *allowed*, no such *allowance* being " any where found by such as have been most " industrious and concerned in the search."—(See History of Music, vol. iii. page 49, 51.) Besides, what *we* call the Old Version is much more refined in its language than what is *properly* the Old Version, as published in the 16th century, to which alone the supposed claim of authority belongs.

The New Version has indeed the authority of an Order in Council, which "*allows and permits* " it to be used in all such churches, &c. as shall "*think fit* to receive the same;" and as long as the Convocation ceases to act, the King, in Council, as head of the church, has perhaps an implied right to regulate matters of this kind; but then, public opinion has almost every where called for something more edifying, and entire acquiescence in the necessary and most highly sanctioned deviations from the New Version, amounts to a tacit permission of them.\* "Who-

\* See again Mr. Gray's Inquiry as quoted above; especially the Section on the Proceedings in the Consistory

ever should insist on a sentence in Court against a judicious departure from the New Version would be wanting" (said the Chancellor of the Diocese of York, whilst acting as Judge in a late Trial) "not only in a sense of their own interest, but in a regard to christian piety, and practical religion."

Let not then any congregation of the Church of England rest satisfied any longer with the solo of the clerk, or the few voices of a choir singing by themselves. Let cathedral music be restricted to its proper place. In parish churches let us cultivate the devout fervour of congregational singing.

Let all who would unite their voices, seriously ask themselves, whether they possess the necessary preparation of heart;—HABITUAL COMMUNION WITH GOD;—FAITH PRODUCING REPENTANCE;—A REAL INTEREST IN THE GREAT REDEEMER. If they be not at least sincerely desirous of attaining it, they can never sing psalms *well*, though their musical talents be ever so great, and can scarcely attempt it without hypocrisy. On the other hand, where the harmony of well-tuned affections is not wanting, it will be easy for the tongue to perform its office aright in this most sublime and delightful employment.

Court of York, against the Rev. Thomas Cottrell, respecting the use of his Hymn-book in St. Paul's Church, Sheffield.



# PSALMS

AND

## HYMNS.

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### INTRODUCTORY HYMN.

- 1 **GREAT** God ! the life of all our joys !  
Whilst now Thy name our song employs,  
Thy needful gifts impart ;  
Pure thoughts, to grateful worship given,  
Affections sweet, and fix'd on heaven,  
The music of the heart.
- 2 As in the sacred work we join,  
Thy glory be our whole design,  
Thy glory, not our own :  
Help us to sing with awe profound ;  
In self-abasing notes to sound  
A SAVIOUR'S praise alone.
- 3 That strife of pride far off remove,  
That noisy burst of selfish love,  
Which swells the formal songs :  
Bid from our souls true joys arise,  
And speak, and sparkle in our eyes,  
And vibrate on our tongues.
- 4 Let not sweet sounds divert our zeal,  
Nor music's charms bewitch and steal  
Our hearts away from Thee .  
O fill us with sublime desire  
To raise with the celestial choir  
A purer harmony.

## PSALM XCVIII.

*The World exhorted to rejoice in Christ.*

- 1 **JOY** to the world ! the **LORD** is come !  
 Let earth receive her **KING** :  
 Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room ;  
 Let all creation sing.
- 2 Joy to the world ! The **SAVIOUR** reigns !  
 The news your song employ,  
 While seas, and shores, and hills, and plains  
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,  
 With all her different tongues ;  
 And spread the praises of his name,  
 To whom all praise belongs.
- 4 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
 Nor thorns infest the ground ;  
 He comes to make his blessings flow,  
 Far as the curse is found.

## PSALM XLV.

*His Divinity.*

- 1 **MY** heart the noblest theme\* has found,  
 The **LORD** with royal splendour crown'd ; —  
**MESSIAH** ! taught thy pow'r to know,  
 How shall my mouth with praise o'erflow !
- 2 Hail, fairer than the sons of men !  
 Grace on thy lips and beauty reign,  
 That speak Thee honour'd from above,  
 And blest with God's eternal love.

\* Subject.

- 3 Hail Thou, whom nations own their Lord !  
Gird on thy thigh the glittering sword ;  
By meekness, truth, and justice led,  
Ride glorious on, thy conquests spread.
- 4 Hail righteous God ! the heav'ns thy throne  
For ever and for ever own ;  
Thine heart th' all-perfect Law pursues,  
And sin with fix'd abhorrence views.
- 5 For this Thy God who form'd the skies,  
Has o'er thy fellows bid Thee rise ;  
For this, the HOLY SPIRIT shed  
The oil of gladness on thy head.

PSALM XCVI.

*His First and Second Advent.*

- 1 SING to the LORD, ye distant lands,  
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue ;  
His new-discover'd love demands  
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Tell all the globe MESSIAH reigns,  
God's own Almighty Son ;  
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,  
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heav'n the joyful day resound,  
Let earth her tribute bring ;  
Shout, all her fields with plenty crown'd,  
And ocean's caverns, ring.
- 4 Ye waving woods, with glad surprise,  
Your lowly homage pay ;  
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,  
*Prepare the LORD his way ;*

**4**      **ADVENT.—CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.**

- 5** He comes ! He comes ! mankind to bless,  
    A present God reveal'd ;  
    To rule the earth with righteousness,  
    To sword of truth to wield.
- 6** But when his word shall wake the dead,  
    And bid the world draw near ;  
    How will the guilty nations dread  
    To see their Judge appear !

**PSALM L.**

*The Terrors of the Judge.*

- 1** **THE LORD**, th' Almighty Sovereign, spake,  
    And bade the world the summons take,  
    Far as his eyes the realms survey,  
    Of rising and declining day.
- 2** From heavenly Zion's sacred bound,  
    The Mount with perfect beauty crown'd,  
    Our God his downward course shall bend,  
    Nor silent to his work descend.
- 3** At his approach the fire shall blaze,  
    And kindled pour its streaming rays ;  
    Devouring flames shall march before,  
    And awful tempests round him roar.
- 4** Heaven from above shall hear his call,  
    And thou, the vast terrestrial ball !  
    While man's whole race their Judge shall meet  
    In countless throngs before his seat.

**PSALM I.**

*The Righteous and the Ungodly.*

- 1** **O HOW** blest the man, whose ear  
    Impious counsel shuns to hear !

Who nor treads nor loves the way,  
Where the sons of folly stray.

- 2 He possess'd with sacred awe,  
Ponders, God of truth ! thy Law ;  
This by day his fix'd employ,  
This by night his constant joy.
- 3 Like the prosp'rous tree that grows  
Where the stream refreshing flows,  
He his verdant branch shall spread,  
Nor his vig'rous leaves shall shed.
- 4 See, ah ! see a diff'rent fate  
God's rebellious foes await ;  
See them, to his wrath consign'd,  
Fly like chaff before the wind.
- 5 When thy Judge, O Earth, shall come,  
And to each assign his doom,  
Say, shall then th' unrighteous band  
With the just assembled stand ?
- 6 God, the SAVIOUR, *these* alone  
Objects of His love shall own ;  
While His vengeance who defy,  
Lost in endless ruin lie.

### PSALM CXXII.

#### *The Church Triumphant.*

- 1 THE festal\* morn, my God, is come,  
That calls me to thy hallow'd dome†  
Thy presence to adore :  
My feet the summons shall attend,  
With willing steps thy courts ascend,  
And tread the sacred floor.

\* Joyous.

† Temple.

**6**      **ADVENT.—CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.**

- 2 Behold ! to my enraptur'd eyes  
The heav'n-built tow'rs of Salem\* rise ;  
By faith, with glad survey,  
I view her mansions, that contain  
Angelic forms, an awful train,  
And shine in cloudless day.
- 3 Thither from earth's remotest end,  
Lo ! the redeem'd of God ascend,  
Their tribute thither bring :  
There, crown'd with everlasting joy,  
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,  
And hail th' immortal King.
- 4 O blest abode ! may I behold  
My namē among thy saints enroll'd,  
In thee for ever dwell !  
There, charity, my steps attend,  
My sole companion and my friend ;  
And, faith, and hope, farewell !

**PSALM CXIX.**

*Love of the Scriptures.*

- 1 **LORD !** how I love thy holy law !  
All day 'tis my delight :  
And hence my meditations draw  
Divine support by night.
- 2 Whilst early gleams the morning ray,  
I read, and nurture find :—  
*Blest hour of prime ! from day to day  
To God's own book resign'd !*  
\* The heavenly Jerusalem !

- 3 Thy promises my heart engage,  
Thy truths inspire my tongue,  
And in this weary pilgrimage  
Supply a heav'nly song.
- 4 How sweet, whilst here below I roam,  
Thy precepts to my taste !  
Not honey dropping from the comb  
Provides so rich a feast.

## PSALM XIX.

*Perfection of the Scriptures.*

- 1 GOD's perfect Law converts the soul ;  
Reclaims from false desires ;  
With Wisdom's sacred love His Word  
The ignorant inspires.
- 2 The statutes of the LORD are just,  
And bring sincere delight :  
His pure commands in search of truth  
Assist the feeblest sight.
- 3 More precious they than hoarded gold,  
Refin'd with nicest skill :  
Yea, sweeter far than honey-drops,  
That from the comb distil.
- 4 But who can tell from thy commands,  
How oft, how deep they fall ?  
O cleanse Thou me from secret faults,  
My God, that know'st them all !
- 5 So shall my pray'r and praises rise,  
With thine acceptance blest ;  
And I, secure on Thy defence,  
My Strength, my SAVIOUR, rest.

## HYMN I.

*A Fallen World restored.*—Isaiah xxxv. 1—6.

- 1 **REJOICE**, the promis'd SAVIOUR's come !  
Him shall the blind behold ;  
The deaf shall hear, and by the dumb  
His wondrous works be told.
- 2 The weary nations shall have rest ;  
The rage of war shall cease ;  
The earth with Innocence be blest,  
And Plenty dwell with Peace.
- 3 Light from its sacred source shall spread  
O'er all its saving beams ;  
In pastures fair the Church be fed,  
And drink of heav'nly streams.
- 4 Sweet as the breeze on Carmel's brow,  
The waste shall shed perfume ;  
There lilies spring, there violets grow,  
And Sharon's roses bloom.

## HYMN II.

*Christ the Deliverer.*—Luke iv. 18, 19.

- 1 **HARK**, the glad sound ! The SAVIOUR comes,  
The SAVIOUR promis'd long !  
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
- 2 *He comes* the prisoners to release,  
*In Satan's bondage held ;*  
*The gates of brass before Him break,*  
*The iron fetters yield.*



- 3 He comes from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eye, oppress'd with night,  
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes to bind the broken heart,  
The bleeding soul restore,  
And with the riches of his grace  
Exalt the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad Hosannahs, Prince of Peace!  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And Heaven's eternal courts resound  
With Thy beloved Name.

## HYMN III.

*The Love of Christ.*—Matt. iv. 16.

- 1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
One spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eye the Prince of Peace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw—and, O amazing love!  
He flew to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste He came;  
For us he dwelt in mortal flesh,  
And died in pain and shame.
- 4 He rose victorious from the dead,  
Our chains of sin to break:—  
For love so great let ev'ry tongue  
The SAVIOUR'S praises speak!

**10**      **ADVENT.—CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.**

- 5 Angels, assist our lab'ring joys,  
    Strike all your harps of gold ;  
    Tho' when you raise your highest notes,  
    His love can ne'er be told.

**HYMN IV.**

*Prepare to meet thy God.*—Amos iv. 12.

- 1    **THOU JUDGE** of quick and dead !  
    Before whose bar severe,  
    With holy joy, or guilty dread,  
    We all must soon appear :
- 2    Our anxious souls prepare  
    For that tremendous Day ;  
    And fill us now with watchful care,  
    And stir us up to pray.
- 3    So may we all be found  
    Obedient to thy word,  
    Expect the final trumpet's sound,  
    And haste to meet our **LORD** !
- 4    Our Judge ! Redeemer ! Friend !  
    Oh ! fit us for the blest :  
    And let a watchful moment end  
    In everlasting rest !

**HYMN V.**

*The End of the World.*—Rev. xx. 12.

- 1    **GREAT** God ! what do I see and hear ?  
    *The end of things created ;—*  
    *I see the Judge of man appear*  
    *On clouds of glory seated :*

The trumpet sounds ; the graves restore  
The dead, which they contain'd before !  
Prepare my soul, to meet Him !

- 2 The dead in CHRIST the first arise,  
At His Archangel's warning,  
To meet the SAVIOUR in the skies,  
Good works their faith adorning :  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet Him.

## HYMN VI.

*Who may abide his coming ?—Mal. iii. 2.*

- 1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
I see my MAKER face to face,  
Oh ! how shall I appear ?
- 2 E'en now, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My frame with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought.
- 3 When Thou, O LORD, shalt stand disclos'd  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,—  
Oh ! how shall I appear ?
- 4 But Thou hast told the contrite heart  
To cease her loud lament,  
Since CHRIST hath suffered unto death,  
Her sufferings to prevent.

**12** ADVENT.—CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

- 5 LORD, mark the sorrows of my breast,  
Ere yet it be too late ;  
And hear my SAVIOUR'S dying groans,  
To give those sorrows weight.
- 7 For never shall my soul despair  
Her pardon to procure,  
Who knows thine only SON hath died  
To make that pardon sure.

**HYMN VII.**

*The Lord descending.*—1 Thess. iv. 16.

- 1 **HE** comes ! He comes ! the Judge severe !  
The trump of doom bespeaks Him near ;  
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll ;  
He's welcome to the faithful soul.
- 2 From Heaven angelic voices sound ;  
Behold th' Almighty JESUS crown'd,  
Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,  
And Glory decks his awful face.
- 3 He sits upon his azure throne,  
He claims the kingdoms for his own ;  
The kingdoms all obey his word,  
And hail Him their triumphant LORD.
- 4 Shout all the people of the sky,  
And all the Saints of the Most High ;  
Our God, who now his right obtains,  
For ever and for ever reigns.
- 5 O praise the FATHER evermore,  
The SPIRIT bless, the SON adore ;  
*Mysterious Godhead, Three in One !—*  
*What endless joy is now begun !*

## HYMN VIII.

*The same.*—1 Thess. iv. 16, 17.

- 1 **LO!** He comes in clouds descending,  
Once for favour'd sinners slain ;  
Thousand thousand Saints attending  
Swell the triumph of his train :—  
Hallelujah !  
Mortals, catch their joyful strain.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,  
Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;  
Those, who set at nought, and sold Him,  
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true MESSIAH see.
- 3 Blest Redemption, long expected !  
See ! His solemn pomp to share,  
All his Saints, by man rejected,  
Rise to meet Him in the air :  
Hallelujah !  
See ! the Son of God is there.
- 4 Yes, amen ! let all adore Thee,  
High on thine eternal throne !  
SAVIOUR ! worlds bow down before Thee ;  
Claim the kingdom for thine own :  
O come quickly,  
Come, and make thy glories known !

HYMN IX.

*Joys of Heaven.*—Rev. vii. 9—12.

- 1 COME, LORD ! and warm each languid hear  
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;  
And bid the joys of Heaven impart  
Their gladness to our song.
- 2 There on a throne of radiance bright  
Th' exalted SAVIOUR reigns,  
And sheds unspeakable delight  
O'er all yon azure plains.
- 3 There all the followers of the LAMB  
Unite in rapt'rous lays,  
And faultless honours to His name  
The countless armies raise.
- 4 There sin, and grief, and ev'ry fear,  
And pain and sighing cease ;  
There love, and joy without a tear,  
Abide with endless peace.

HYMN X.

*Heaven free from Sin and Sorrow.*—Rev. xxi.

- 1 O WHAT a mighty change  
Shall Christian sufferers know,  
When o'er the heavenly plains they range,  
Incapable of woe !
- 2 No ill-requited love  
Shall there our spirits wound ;  
No base ingratitude above,  
No sin in heaven is found.

- 3 There all our griefs are spent ;  
There all our trials end ;  
We cannot there the loss lament  
Of one departed friend.
- 4 No brother, dead to God,  
By sin is there undone ;  
No father there, lamenting loud,  
Cries " O my son, my son ! " \*
- 5 No slightest touch of pain,  
No sorrow's least alloy  
Can violate our rest, or stain  
Our purity of joy.
- 6 In that eternal day  
No clouds, nor tempests rise :  
There God shall wipe all tears away  
For ever from our eyes.

## HYMN XI.

*Heaven the Land of Rest.*—Heb. iv. 9.

- 1 A SOLDIER's march from battles fought  
To new-commencing strife,  
A pilgrim's path, with hazard sought,  
Describe the Christian's life.
- 2 O let us seek our heav'nly home,  
Reveal'd in sacred lore ; †  
The Land, whence pilgrim's never roam,  
Where soldiers war no more ;

\* Sam. xviii. 32.

† Instruction.

**16**      **ADVENT.—CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.**

- 3 Where grief shall never wound, nor death,  
    Beneath the SAVIOUR'S reign,  
Nor sin with pestilential breath  
    His holy realm profane :
- 4 The Land, where (suns and moons unknown,  
    And night's alternate sway,) **JEHOVAH'S** ever-burning throne  
    Upholds unbroken day :
- 5 Where they, who meet, shall never part,  
    Where grace achieves its plan,  
And God, uniting ev'ry heart,  
    Dwells face to face with man.

**HYMN XII.**

*Heaven the Christian's Home.*—Heb. xi. 13—16.

- 1 **AS**, when the weary traveller gains  
    The height of some commanding hill,  
His eye quick-glancing o'er the plains,  
    Descries his home, tho' distant still;  
While he surveys the much-lov'd spot,  
    He slights the space that lies between;  
His past fatigues are now forgot,  
    For home endears the onward scene.
- 2 So when the Christian pilgrim views  
    By faith his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting strength renews,  
    And wings his speed to reach the prize :  
That heavenly home his spirit cheers,  
    No more he grieves for troubles past,  
Nor any future trial fears,  
    So he may safe arrive at last.



- 3 SAVIOUR ! tho' rugged be our way,  
Conduct us safe to thine abode ;  
Our rest in Thee will far o'erpay  
Our utmost toil upon the road :  
There shall thy faithful followers dwell,  
Beholding Thee in realms of day ;  
There shall we bid our cares farewell,  
And Thou shalt wipe our tears away.

## HYMN XIII.

*The promised Land.*—Deut. xi. 10—12.

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,  
Unbounded glories rise,  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair heavenly Land ! could mortal eyes  
But half thy joys explore,  
How would our spirits long to rise,  
And dwell on earth no more !
- 3 No cloud those blissful regions know,  
For ever bright and fair !  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.
- 4 The King eternal there displays  
His beams of wondrous grace ;  
Unnumber'd spirits sing his praise,  
And bow before his face.
- 5 Oh ! may the heav'nly prospect fire  
Our hearts with ardent love,  
Till wings of faith and strong desire  
Bear ev'ry thought above !

HYMN XIV.

*Sentence of the Impenitent.*—Matt. xxv. 41.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend ?  
Must all the dead arise ?  
And not one single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 From his most righteous lips  
Shall such a sentence sound ?  
And with unspeakable despair  
His trembling foes confound ?
- 3 "Depart from me accurs'd  
"To everlasting flame,  
"For rebel-angels first prepar'd,  
"Th' abode of pain and shame."
- 4 But ere that trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark ! from the Gospel's gentle voice  
What joyful tidings spread !
- 5 Ye sinners, seek his grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear,  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.

HYMN XV.

*Misery of the Impenitent.*—Ps. cxix. 136, 158.

- 1 ARISE, my tend'rest thoughts, arise ;  
Flow torrents from my weeping eyes ;  
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel  
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

- 2 See human nature sunk in shame ;  
See scandals pour'd on JESUS' name !  
The FATHER wounded thro' the SON !  
The world abus'd, the soul undone !
- 3 See the short course of vain delight  
Soon clos'd in everlasting night !  
In flames that no abatement know,  
Where fruitless tears for ever flow.
- 4 Unmov'd, their sins shall I discern,  
Nor o'er their doom my bowels yearn ?  
Fain would my pity all reclaim,  
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.
- 5 But feeble *my* compassions prove,  
And can but weep where most I love ;  
Thine own all-saving Arm employ,  
And turn these tears to tears of joy.

## HYMN XVI.

*Weary Sinners invited to Christ.*—Matt. xi. 28.

- 1 COME, weary souls ! with sin opprest ;  
The SAVIOUR offers heav'nly rest ;  
The glad, the gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Lab'ring with guilt, a painful load,  
O come, and spread your woes abroad ;  
Divine Compassion, mighty Love,  
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 LORD ! we accept, with thankful heart,  
The hope thy gracious words impart ;  
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,  
And bless the kind inviting voice.

- 4 Meek SAVIOUR ! let Thy powerful love  
 Confirm our faith, our fears remove,  
 And sweetly comfort ev'ry breast,  
 And guide us to eternal rest.

## HYMN XVII.

*God commands all to repent.*—Acts xvii. 30, 31.

- 1 “**REPENT**, repent,” JEHOVAH cries,  
 “ No longer dare presume ;  
 “ The wretch, that scorns the mandate, dies,  
 “ And meets a fiery doom.”
- 2 In His tremendous presence bow,  
 Your conscious guilt confess ;  
 Accept the proffered SAVIOUR now,  
 And trust his pow'r to bless.
- 3 Bow, ere the Trump of Judgment sound  
 Th' alarm to sinful men ;  
 For mercy knows th' appointed bound,  
 And turns to vengeance then.
- 4 Amazing love ! that yet will call,  
 ' And yet prolong our days :—  
 May we subdued by goodness fall,  
 And weep, and love, and praise !

## HYMN XVIII.

*Exhortation to seek God's Kingdom.*—Matt. vi. 33

- 1 OH ! come, let true ambition rise,  
 Let ardour fire our breast,  
 To reign with CHRIST above the skies,  
 In heavenly glories drest.

- 2 See, where aloft the hands divine  
The holy crown display ;  
Whose glory will for ever shine,  
When worlds shall fade away.
- 3 Each grov'ling hope, my soul, dismiss,  
Renounce each worldly thought,  
And spring to seize th' immortal bliss,  
Which thy REDEEMER bought.
- 4 Ye hearts, with youthful fire that glow,  
The deathless prize pursue ;  
Earth shall herself her wreaths bestow,  
While heaven is kept in view.

## HYMN XIX.

*Duty of secret Prayer.*—Matt. vi. 6.

- 1 FATHER of Heav'n ! Thy piercing eye  
Darts thro' the blackest night ;  
In deep retirement Thou art nigh,  
The dark with Thee is light.
- 2 With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,  
And ev'ry evening's shade,  
May thine all-searching eye survey  
My secret homage paid !
- 3 O let thy own celestial fire  
The incense still inflame ;  
While my warm vows to Thee aspire,  
In my REDEEMER's name.
- 4 So shall the presence of Thy love  
My soul in secret bless ;  
So shalt Thou deign in worlds above  
Thy suppliant to confess.

HYMN XX.

*The Spirit of Prayer.*—Zech. xii. -10.

- 1 **PRAYER** is the soul's sincere desire  
Utter'd or unexpress'd;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 3 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And say, "Behold he prays!"
- 4 The saints in prayer appear as one  
In word and deed and mind,  
When with the **FATHER** and His **SON**  
Their fellowship they find.
- 5 Nor prayer is made on earth alone:  
The **HOLY SPIRIT** pleads;  
And **JESUS** on th' eternal throne,  
For sinners intercedes.
- 6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way;  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;  
Lord! teach us how to pray.

HYMN XXI.

*Benefit of Prayer.*—John xiv. 13, 14.

- 1 **PRAYER** makes the darken'd cloud withdraw  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.
- 2 Neglecting prayer, we cease to fight ;  
Prayer makes the Christian armour bright ;  
And Satan trembles, when he sees  
The weakest Saint upon his knees.
- 3 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side ;  
But when through weariness they fail'd,  
That moment Amalek prevail'd.\*
- 4 Have you no words ? Ah ! think again ;  
Words flow apace, when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all you fear.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To Heaven in supplication sent ;  
Your cheerful song would oftner be,  
"Hear what the LORD has done for me."

HYMN XXII.

*Paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer.*

- 1 **FATHER** of Heav'n, who lov'st to send  
Of gracious gifts a constant show'r !  
May every breath Thy Name extend,  
May every heart Thy Name adore !

\*Exod. xvii. 11.

- 2 Great Lord ! may all our waken'd pow'rs  
 To spread thy sway exulting join,  
 Till we shall dare to think Thee ours,  
 And Thou shalt deign to make us thine.
- 3 Whate'er thy will, may we display  
 Hearts that submit without a sigh ;  
 Whate'er thy law, may we obey,  
 Like raptur'd Saints, and feel it joy !
- 4 Vouchsafe us what our wants require,  
 This fleeting life in peace to spend ;  
 But bid our wishes, LORD, aspire  
 To grasp the life that cannot end.
- 5 Our countless sins with mercy view ;  
 For JESUS' sake their guilt remove ;  
 And teach us, Lord, to pardon too,  
 That Thou may'st see a world of love.
- 6 In each temptation's hour be near ;  
 From sin and passion set us free ;  
 Conduct us by Thy SPIRIT here,  
 And bring us, LORD ! at length to Thee.

## HYMN XXIII.

*The Scriptures testify of Christ.*—John v. 39.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! in Thy Word  
 What endless glory shines !  
 For ever be Thy name ador'd  
 For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here springs of consolation rise  
 To cheer the fainting mind,  
 And thirsty souls receive supplies,  
 And rest the weary find.



- 3 Here the REDEEMER's welcome voice  
His heavenly peace reveals,  
Bids every contrite heart rejoice,  
Each wounded spirit heals.
- 4 O may these hallow'd pages be  
My first, my chief delight,  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light !
- 5 Divine Instructor ! glorious LORD !  
Be Thou for ever near ;  
Teach me to love thy sacred Word,  
And find my SAVIOUR here.

## HYMN XXIV.

*Ministers to watch for Souls.*—Heb. xiii. 17.

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,  
And take th' alarm they give ;  
And from the mouth of God himself  
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 A cause of vast momentous force  
The Pastor's care demands ;  
One that might bear an Angel's toil,  
And fill'd a SAVIOUR's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lorn  
Did heavenly bliss forego ;  
For souls, which must for ever live  
In glory, or in woe.
- 4 All to the great Tribunal haste,  
Th' account to render there ;  
And should'st Thou strictly mark our faults,  
LORD, how shall we appear ?

- 5 Blest Jesus ! whom thy Pastors preach,  
Their own REDEEMER be,  
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,  
That they may watch for Thee.

## HYMN XXVI.

*Glory to God and Good-will to Man.*—Luke ii. 14.

- 1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,  
And join th' angelic throng,  
For Angels no such love have known  
To wake a cheerful song.
- 2 Good-will to sinful men is shown,  
And peace on earth is giv'n ;  
For lo ! th' incarnate SAVIOUR comes,  
Th' Ambassador of Heav'n.
- 3 Justice and Grace, with sweet accord,  
His rising beams adorn ;  
Let heav'n and earth in concert join ;—  
The promis'd Child is born.
- 4 Glory to God in highest strains,  
In highest worlds, be paid ;  
His glory by our lips be sung,  
And by our lives display'd !
- 5 When shall we reach those blissful realms,  
Where CHRIST exalted reigns ;  
And learn of the celestial choir  
Their own immortal strains ?

HYMN XXV.

*Star of Bethlehem.*—Mat. ii. 2.

- 1 **BRIGHTEST** and best of the sons of the morning !  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant REDEEMER is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall ;  
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all !
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,  
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine ;  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;  
Vainly with gold would his favours secure ;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 **Brightest** and best of the sons of the morning !  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant REDEEMER is laid !

## HYMN XXVI.

*The Word made Flesh.*—John i. 14.

- 1 **HARK !** the herald Angels sing,  
“ Glory to the new-born King ;  
“ Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
“ God and sinners reconcil’d.”
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies,  
With th’ angelic host proclaim  
“ CHRIST is born in Bethlehem.”
- 3 CHRIST, by highest heav’n ador’d,  
CHRIST, the everlasting LORD !  
Full in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of the Virgin’s womb.
- 4 Veil’d in flesh the Godhead see ;  
Hail th’ incarnate Deity ;  
Pleas’d as man with men to dwell,  
JESUS, our IMMANUEL.
- 5 Hail the heav’n-born Prince of Peace !  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !  
Light and Life to all He brings,  
Ris’n with healing in His wings.
- 6 Mild He lays his glory by,  
Born, that man no more may die ;  
Born, to raise the sons of earth,  
*Born, to give them second birth.*

## HYMN XXVIII.

*The Same.*—Phil. ii. 7.

- 1 **COME, HOLY GHOST**, inspire my song  
With thine immortal flame,  
Enlarge my heart, unloose my tongue,  
To praise the SAVIOUR'S name.
- 2 **THE SAVIOUR !** O what countless charms  
Endear that blissful sound !  
Its wondrous pow'r each fear disarms,  
And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 3 **Lo !** pardon, life, and peace begin  
In copious streams to flow  
For guilty rebels dead in sin,  
And doom'd to endless woe.
- 4 **GOD'S only Son** (stupendous grace !)  
Forsakes his throne above,  
And swift to save our wretched race  
Flies on the wings of love.
- 5 **Th' Almighty Maker** of the skies  
Stoops to our vile abode ;  
While Angels view, with wond'ring eyes,  
And hails th' Incarnate God.
- 6 **On Thee, O CHRIST**, my hope relies,  
Before Thy Cross I fall ;  
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,  
My God, my All in All !

## HYMN XXVIII.

*His Birth glad Tidings.*—Luke ii. 10, 11.

- 1 **LIFT** up your heads in joyful hope,  
Salute the happy morn;  
Each heavenly Pow'r  
Proclaims the glad hour,  
Lo! **JESUS** the **SAVIOUR** is born.
- 2 All glory be to **GOD** on high,  
To Him all praise is due;  
The promise is seal'd,  
The **SAVIOUR**'s reveal'd,  
And proves that the record is true.
- 3 Let joy around, like rivers, flow,  
Flow on, and still increase;  
Spread o'er the glad earth,  
At **JESUS**'s birth,  
For Heaven and Earth are at peace.
- 4 Now the good-will of Heav'n is shown  
To Adam's helpless race;  
**MESSIAH**'s made known,  
To ransom His own,  
To save them by infinite Grace.
- 5 Then let us join the Heav'ns above,  
Where hymning Seraphs sing;  
Join all their glad pow'rs,  
For their **LORD** is ours,  
*Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.*

## HYMN XXIX.

*His Name Wonderful.*—Is. ix. 6.

- 1 **HARK!** hark! what news the Angels bring!  
Glad tidings of the new-born King;  
'The promis'd SAVIOUR of mankind;  
Sinners! in Him Salvation find.
- 2 This is the day, and this the morn,  
Which hail'd th' almighty SAVIOUR born,  
Born of the holy Virgin pure,  
Born without sin, from guilt secure.
- 3 Hail! perfect GOD, and perfect MAN!  
Thy wondrous birth what mind shall scan? \*  
In vain the highest Seraph tries  
To search thy love's deep mysteries.
- 4 If Angels sung at JESUS' birth,  
What cause for holy joy on earth?  
For us our feeble flesh He took;  
For us the realms of light forsook.
- 5 Stupendous Child! my God and King!  
The wonders of Thy Love I'll sing;  
To grateful accents tune my voice,  
And, while I live, in Thee rejoice.

## HYMN XXX.

*Change of Heart.*—Eph. iv. 22—24.

- 1 **HOW** helpless guilty nature lies,  
Unconscious of her load!  
*The heart unchang'd can never rise  
To happiness and God:*  
\* **Comprehend.**

- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,  
In paths of ruin stray;  
Reason debas'd can never find  
The safe, the narrow way.
- 3 No effort but of Grace divine  
Can man's proud will subdue:—  
'Tis thine, Almighty SAVIOUR! thine  
To form the heart anew.
- 4 'Tis thine from heaven the vital ray,  
Inspiring truth, to give;  
To chase the shades of death away,  
And bid the Sinner live.
- 5 Oh! change these wretched hearts of ours,  
And from corruption free;  
So shall our passions, thoughts, and pow'rs  
Be subject, LORD! to thee.

## HYMN XXXII.

*Christ knocking at the Door.—Rev. iii. 20.*

- 1 AND will the LORD thus condescend  
To visit sinful worms?  
Thus at the door will mercy bend  
In all her winning forms?
- 2 Surprising grace! and shall my heart  
Unmov'd and cold remain?  
Has this hard rock no tender part?  
Must mercy plead in vain?
- 3 'Tis sin, alas! with tyrant-pow'r,  
Which has th' abode possess'd;  
And hosts of traitors bar the door  
Against the heavenly Guest.



- 4 Ye hateful inmates, hence depart ;  
 My SAVIOUR ! enter in ;  
 And guard the passage to my heart,  
 And keep out every sin.

## HYMN XXXIII.

*Christ dwelling in the Heart.*—Ephes. iii. 17, 19.

- 1 INCARNATE GOD ! the soul that knows  
 Thy Name's mysterious pow'r,  
 May dwell in undisturb'd repose,  
 Nor fear the trying hour.
- 2 Angels unseen around the Saints  
 Their guardian-pinions spread,  
 To cheer the spirit when it faints,  
 And shield the sacred head.
- 3 Himself, the LORD of Angels, keeps  
 The souls that love his name ;  
 Lo ! Israel's Shepherd never sleeps ;  
 He always is the same.
- 4 Crosses and changes are their lot,  
 While yet they sojourn here ;  
 But since their SAVIOUR changes not,  
 What have His Saints to fear ?

## HYMN XXXIV.

*Communion with God.*

- 1 HERE, O my GOD ! vouchsafe to stay,  
 And bid our hearts rejoice ;  
 Our bounding hearts shall own Thy sway,  
 And echo to Thy voice.

- 2 With Thee conversing we beguile  
All time, and toil, and fear ;  
Labour is sweet, and sorrows smile,  
If Thou, my God, art near.
- 3 Thou call'st us, LORD, to seek Thy face ;  
'Tis all we wish to seek ;  
To catch the whispers of thy grace,  
And hear thy mercy speak.
- 4 Be this our ev'ry hour's employ,  
Till we thy glory see,  
Enter into our Master's joy,  
And find our heaven in Thee.

## PSALM LXVII.

*Success of the Gospel, or Missions.*

- 1 TO bless thy chosen race,  
In mercy, LORD ! incline ;  
And cause the brightness of thy face  
On all thy saints to shine.
- 2 So may thy wondrous way  
Thro' all the world be known ;  
And distant lands their tribute pay,  
And thy salvation own !
- 3 Let differing nations join  
To celebrate thy fame ;  
Let all the world, O God, combine  
To praise thy glorious name.
- 4 O let them shout and sing,  
Dissolv'd in pious mirth ;  
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,  
Shalt govern all the earth.

- 5 Let differing nations join  
To celebrate Thy fame ;  
Let all the world, O God, combine  
To praise thy glorious name.

## PSALM LXXII.

*Christ's Kingdom, or the cause of Missions.*

- 1 GREAT God ! whose universal sway  
The known and unknown worlds obey !  
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,  
Extend his fame, exalt his throne.
- 2 With pow'r He vindicates the just,  
He treads th' oppressor in the dust ;  
His worship and his fear shall last,  
Till hours, and years, and time be past.
- 3 As rain on meadows newly mown,  
He sends his plenteous blessings down ;  
His grace on fainting souls distils,  
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 4 The heathen lands, that lie beneath  
The shades of over-spreading death,  
Revive at his first dawning light,  
And deserts blossom at the sight.

## PSALM XXXIX.

*Vanity of Human Life.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY MAKER of my frame !  
Teach me the measure of my days,  
Teach me to know how frail I am,  
And spend the remnant to Thy praise.

- 2 My days are shorter than a span,  
 A thing of nought my life appears ;  
 How poor at best is dying man !  
 How vain his pleasures, hopes, and fears !
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show ;  
 Vain are the cares, which rack his mind ;  
 He heaps up treasures, mix'd with woe ;  
 He dies—and leaves them all behind.
- 4 Oh ! be a nobler portion mine—  
 SAVIOUR ! I bow before Thy throne ;  
 Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,  
 And fix my hopes on Thee alone.

## PSALM IV. v. 6.

*Vanity of the World.*

- 1 IN vain the thoughtless world inquires,  
 Forgetful of their God,  
 Who shall supply our vast desires,  
 “ Or show us any good ? ”
- 2 Through the wide compass of the earth  
 Their eager wishes rove,  
 In search of honour, wealth, and mirth,  
 The idols of their love.
- 3 But ah ! these shadowy joys elude\*  
 Their most intense pursuit ;  
 Or, if they seize the fancied good,  
 There's poison in the fruit.
- 4 Wean from the world, O LORD ! our love ;  
 Grant us thy heavenly light,  
 To seek “ by faith ” for joys above,  
 And “ walk no more by sight.”
- \* Escape.

## PSALM CXLV.

*The Power and Goodness of God.*

- 1 **I** WILL extol my God and King ;  
His endless praise proclaim ;  
This tribute every morning bring,  
And ever bless his name.
- 2 Thou, **LORD**, alone, art great in might,  
And greatly to be prais'd ;  
Thy greatness to a boundless height  
Above our reach is rais'd.
- 3 Thy works, thy glory and renown  
Shall fill my humble song ;  
And men shall hand the chorus down,  
And age to age prolong.
- 4 The **LORD** recovers them that fall,  
And makes the prostrate rise :  
For his kind aid all creatures call,  
Who timely food supplies.
- 5 The **LORD** to all his saints is nigh,  
**MESSIAH**'s help who crave ;  
The **LORD** will hear them when they cry,  
And stretch his arm to save.
- 6 My tongue, on grateful praises bent,  
Shall spread **IMMANUEL**'s fame ; —  
And let all flesh with one consent  
For ever bless his name.

## PSALM XCV.

*His Sovereignty.*

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing :—  
JEHOVAH is the sovereign God,  
The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown ;  
He gave the sea its bound ;  
The watery worlds are his alone,  
And His the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne ;  
Come, bow before the LORD ;  
We are his work, and not our own ;  
He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To-day revere his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
Come, as the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.
- 5 With humble souls adore ;  
Kneel now before his face :—  
O may the creatures of his pow'r  
Be children of his grace !

## PSALM CXXXIX.

*His Goodness.*

- 1 YES, from thy hands, my God ! I came,  
By thee was wrought this curious frame ;  
Its fearful wonders faith surveys,  
And melts in awe, delight, and praise.

- 2 My reins were thine, and thine my heart,  
Thy power awoke each vital part ;  
The tender threads of nature's loom  
By Thee were cover'd in the womb.
- 3 Thine eyes my various limbs foreknew,  
Thy will from nought their substance drew ;  
Thou gav'st the daily growth they took,  
True to the model of thy book.
- 4 How dear thy thoughts, O God, to me !  
Their sum—how great beyond degree !  
Far sooner could I reckon o'er  
The sand that spreads the ocean's shore.
- 5 In Thee, CREATOR ! SAVIOUR ! blest,  
I give my weary eyes to rest ;  
With Thee I wake, nor cease to find  
Thy mercies still possess my mind.

## PSALM CXLVIII

*His Power.*

- 1 YE boundless realms of joy,  
Exalt your MAKER's fame ;  
His praise your songs employ  
Above the starry frame :  
Your voices raise,  
Ye cherubim,  
And seraphim,  
To sing His praise.
- 2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,  
Thou sun, that guid'st the day,  
Ye glittering stars of light,  
To him your homage pay :

**38** ◀ **EPIPHANY.—PERFECTIONS OF GOD.**

His praise declare,  
Ye heayens above,  
And clouds that move  
In liquid air.

- 3 Thine aid, O earth, afford  
To praise his holy name ;—  
By his almighty word  
Ye all from nothing came,  
And all shall last,  
From changes free ;  
His firm decree  
Stands ever fast.

- 4 He lifts to thrones on high,  
The children of his grace,  
Whose souls to him are nigh,  
Ev'n Israel's chosen race :  
O therefore raise  
Your cheerful voice ;  
And still rejoice  
The LORD to praise.

**PSALM C.**

*His Power, Love, and Truth.*

- 1 **BEFORE** JEHOVAH's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the LORD is God alone ;  
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;  
And when, like wandering sheep, we str  
He brought us to his fold again.



- 3 Oh ! crowd his gates with thankful songs,  
And high as heaven your voices raise ;  
Whilst earth with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill his courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is his command,  
Vast as eternity his love ;  
Firm as a rock his truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM XXXIV.

*His Goodness.*

- 1 **THROUGH** all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
Still shall the praises of my God  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his salvation I will boast,  
Till those that are distressed  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 Come, magnify the **LORD** with me,  
With me exalt his name !  
I sought the **LORD**, he heard my cry,  
And to my succour came.
- 4 Oh ! make but trial of his love ;  
Experience will decide  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in his truth confide.

## PSALM C.

*The Same.*

- 1 ALL people, on the earth who dwell,  
Sing to the LORD with cheerful voice :  
Him serve with fear, his mercies tell ;  
Come ye before him, and rejoice.
- 2 For know, the LORD is GOD alone ;  
Know that from him we all proceed :  
He made, he claims us for his own,  
The sheep that in his pasture feed.
- 3 O enter then his gates with praise,  
Approach his courts with holy joy ;  
Your hearts with warm devotion raise,  
Your tongues in grateful hymns employ.
- 4 For GOD is gracious, just, and good,  
His mercy is for ever sure,  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM CIV.—*Paraphrased.**His Power.*

- 1 " MY soul, praise the LORD,  
" Speak good of his name !"  
His mercies recount,  
His bounties proclaim :  
To GOD, their Creator,  
Let all creatures raise  
The song of thanksgiving,  
The chorus of praise.

- 2 Though hid from men's sight,  
God sits on his throne,  
Yet here by his works  
Their Author is known :  
The world shines a mirror,  
Its Maker to show,  
And heaven views its image  
Reflected below.
- 3 Those agents of pow'r,  
Fire, water, earth, sky,  
Attest the dread might  
Of God the Most High :  
Who rides in the whirlwind,  
When clouds veil his form ;  
Who smiles in the sun-beam,  
Or frowns in the storm.
- 4 By knowledge supreme,  
By wisdom divine,  
God governs this earth,  
With gracious design :  
O'er beast, bird, and insect  
His providence reigns,  
Whose will first created,  
Whose love still sustains.
- 5 And man, his last work,  
With reason endued,  
Who falling through sin,  
By grace is renew'd—  
To God, his Creator,  
Let man ever raise  
*The song of thanksgiving,*  
*The chorus of praise.*

## PSALM XIX.

*The Heavens declare His Glory.*

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim :  
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Doth his CREATOR'S power display,  
And publisheth to every land  
The work of an almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth ;  
Whilst all the stars, that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What, though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?  
What, though no real voice or sound  
Amid their radiant\* orbs† be found ?  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing as they shine,  
" The Hand that made us is divine."

## PSALM XC.

*His Eternity.*

- 1 O GOD ! our help in ages past,  
Our hope in years to come,  
\* Shining. † Globes.

Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home !

2 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

3 A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an evening gone,  
Or like a watch o'erpast by night,  
Long ere the rising sun.

4 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their cares and fears,  
Are carried downward by the flood,  
And lost in lapse of years.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God ! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come !  
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,  
And our eternal home.

### PSALM CXXXIX.

#### *His Omnipresence.*

1 THOU know'st my words, all-searching Pow'r !  
My rising and reposing hour ;  
Thy watchful eye my bed, my ways,  
And each unutter'd thought surveys.

2 On every side I find thy hand ;  
Surrounded by my God I stand !

- O mind immense, for me too high !  
 Essence, too bright for mortal eye !
- 3 Ah ! could I so perfidious be  
 To think of once deserting Thee,  
 Where, LORD, could I thy spirit shun,  
 Or whither from thy presence run ?
- 4 If up to heaven I take my flight,  
 'Tis there Thou dwell'st enthron'd in light ;  
 If down to hell's infernal plains,  
 'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.
- 5 Could I the morning's wings obtain,  
 And dart beyond the western main ;  
 Thy hand, that spans\* the heav'nly sphere,  
 Would lead, uphold, preserve me there.
- 6 Or should I try to shun thy sight  
 Beneath the sable shroud of night ;  
 One glance from Thee, one piercing ray  
 Would kindle darkness into day.
- 7 Search, try, O God ! my thoughts, my heart  
 If mischief lurk in any part,  
 Correct me, where I go astray,  
 And guide me in thy perfect way.

## HYMN XXXV.

*For Missions.*

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains,  
 Roll down their golden sand ;

\* Isalah xi. 12.

From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;  
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile ?  
In vain with lavish kindness,  
The gifts of God are strown ;  
The Heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to man benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation ! O salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Hath learnt Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till like a sea of glory,  
It spread from pole to pole :  
Till o'er our ransom'd nature  
The LAMB for sinners slain,  
REDEEMER, KING, CREATOR,  
In bliss return to reign.

## HYMN XXXVI.

*Our Saviour the Star of Jacob.*

- 1 SONS of men, behold from far,  
Hail the long-expected Star !  
Jacob's Star, that gilds the night,  
Guides bewilder'd nature right.
- 2 Mild it shines on all beneath,  
Piercing through the shades of death,  
Scattering error's wide-spread night,  
Kindling darkness into light.
- 3 Nations all, remote and near,  
Haste to see your God appear ;  
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,  
Meet him manifested there.
- 4 There behold the Day-spring rise,  
Pouring light upon your eyes ;  
See it chase the shades away,  
" Shining to the perfect day."

## HYMN XXXVII.

*The bright and Morning Star.*—Rev. xxii. 16.

- 1 WE sing the bright and Morning Star,  
*Jesus, the spring of light and love ;*  
*See how his rays, diffus'd from far,*  
*Conduct us to the realms above.*



- 2 Ye worlds of light, that roll so near  
The SAVIOUR's shining throne of bliss,  
Oh ! tell how mean your beams appear,  
How faint and few, compar'd with His.
- 3 His beams divine spread wide abroad,  
Mark out the troubled christian's way ;  
Still as he goes, he finds the road,  
Enlighten'd with a constant day.
- 4 Thus when the Eastern sages bring  
Their royal gifts, the star appears,  
Directs them to their new-born King,  
And guides their steps, and calms their fears.
- 5 LORD, speed us to our resting-place,  
From darkness as from sorrow far,  
To where in boundless realms of space  
Shines ever bright the Morning Star !

## HYMN XXXVIII.

*Salvation by Grace.*—Eph. ii. 5.

- 1 GRACE !—'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to mine ear ;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 GRACE first contriv'd a way  
To save rebellious man ;  
And all salvation's steps display  
That Grace which drew the plan.
- 3 GRACE taught my wandering feet  
To tread the heavenly road,  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.

- 4 GRACE all the work shall crown  
Through everlasting days ;  
GRACE lay in Heaven the topmost stone,  
And merit all the praise.

## HYMN XXXIX.

*Redeeming Love freely offered.*—2 Pet. i

- 1 SAINTS, begin the heavenly theme ;\*  
JESUS reigns ! His praise proclaim ;  
JESUS reigns ! His kindness prove,  
Triumph in redeeming Love.
- 2 Contrite souls, dry up your tears,  
Banish all your guilty fears :  
See your sin and curse remove ;  
Triumph in redeeming Love.
- 3 Ye, alas ! who long have been  
Willing slaves of death and sin,  
Now from bliss no longer rove,  
Stop and taste redeeming Love.
- 4 Welcome all, who sin detest,  
Welcome to his sacred rest ;  
What could draw Him from above ?  
Love for you, redeeming Love.
- 5 Hither all with gladness bring,  
Hearts attun'd His praise to sing ;  
Mortals, join the hosts above,  
Join to praise redeeming Love.

\* Subject.

## HYMN XL.

*For Missions.*

- 1 **THY** promise, LORD ! delights our eyes,  
The settled purpose of the skies,  
That heathen lands thy SON shall know,  
And warm with faith each bosom glow.
- 2 E'en now the hallow'd scenes appear !  
E'en now unfolds the promis'd year !  
Lo ! distant shores thy heralds trace,  
And swell the tidings of thy Grace.
- 3 'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,  
Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,  
LORD ! mark their steps, their fears subdued,  
And nerve their arm, and clear their view !
- 4 When worn by toil their spirits fail,  
Bid them the glorious future hail ;  
Bid them the crown of life survey,  
And onward urge their conquering way !
- 5 Thus o'er the Heathen's gloomy night  
Thy truth shall shed her radiant light ;  
And, all Salvation's pow'r controul  
The treacherous passions of his soul.

## HYMN XLI.

*The Majesty of God.*—2 Chron. vi. 18.

- 1 **ETERNAL** Power ! whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a God ;  
Far, far beyond the utmost bounds,  
Where stars revolve their little rounds !
- 2 Thee while the first archangel sings,  
He hides his face beneath his wings ;  
Not heaven thine essence can restrain,  
Nor heaven of heavens its bounds contain.
- 3 **LORD** ! what shall dust and ashes do ?—  
Since **JESUS** pleads, we worship too ;  
From sin and death to thee draw nigh,  
The Great, the Holy, and the High.
- 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,  
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name ;  
But oh ! the glories of thy mind  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

## HYMN XLII.

*His Mercy and Goodness.*

- 1 **THINE**, **LORD** ! is Wisdom, thine alone ;  
*Before thee Truth and Justice stand ;*  
*Yet nearer to thy sacred throne*  
*Mild pity stays thy lifted hand.*

- 2 Each evening shows thy tender love,  
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace ;  
Thy waken'd terrors slowly move,  
Thy willing mercy flies apace.
- 3 To thy benign\* indulgent care,  
FATHER ! this light, this breath we owe ;  
And all we have, and all we are,  
From thee, great Source of Being ! flow.
- 4 While those at length, who scorn thy might,  
Shall feel thee a consuming fire ;  
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright,  
Of those, who to thy love aspire !

### HYMN XLIII.

*The Soul enlightened by Christ.*—2 Cor. iv. 6:

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies !  
CHRIST, the true and only light !  
Sun of Righteousness, -arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night !  
Brightness of the FATHER, hear,  
Day-star in my soul appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
Unaccompanied by Thee ;  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till thy mercy's beams I see ;  
Inward light till thou impart,  
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

\* Kind.

**52** LENT.—MOTIVES FOR REPENTANCE.

- 3 Visit this sad soul of mine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,  
With the glance of rays divine,  
Scatter all mine unbelief :  
More and more thyself display,  
“ Shining to the perfect day. ”

**HYMN XLIV.**

*Christ the Sun of Righteousness.*—Mal. iv. 2.

- 1 **ETERNAL** Sun of Righteousness !  
Display thy beams divine,  
And cause thy truth my heart to bless,  
And on my path to shine.
- 2 “ Light in thy light ” I long to see ;  
Thy grace and peace to prove !  
Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and led by thee,  
The God of pardoning love.
- 3 Lift up thy countenance serene,  
And let thy happy child  
Behold without a cloud between  
The Godhead reconcil'd.
- 4 Thine all-assuaging peace bestow  
On me through grace forgiv'n ;  
*The joys of holiness below,*  
*And then the joys of heav'n.*

PSALM CXXXIX.

*Guilt cannot Escape.*

- 1 **WHITHER, O LORD,** shall guilt retire  
     Forgotten and unknown ?  
     In Hell we meet thy dreadful fire,  
     In Heaven thy glorious throne.
- 2 Should I suppress my vital breath,  
     To 'scape the wrath divine ;  
     Thy voice would break the bars of death,  
     And make the grave resign.
- 3 If wing'd with beams of morning light  
     I fly beyond the West ;  
     Thy hand, which must support my flight,  
     Would there pursue my rest.
- 4 If o'er my sins I think to draw  
     The curtain of the night,  
     Those flaming eyes, that guard thy law,  
     Would turn the shades to light.
- 5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,  
     Are both alike to thee :—  
     Oh ! may I ne'er provoke that pow'r,  
     From which I cannot flee !

PSALM XIV.

*The Corruption of Nature.*

- 1 **OF** man's whole race not one we find  
     To truth and righteousness inclin'd ;  
     Who 'midst the general guilt has stood  
     Unstain'd and obstinately good.

- 2 Th' eternal Monarch from on high  
 Cast on the sons of earth his eye,  
 If haply some he yet might see  
 True to their God, from error free.
- 3 He look'd ;—but no, not one could find  
 To truth and righteousness inclin'd ;  
 All, all, from wisdom gone astray,  
 Pursue their own polluted way.
- 4 REDEEMING LORD ! to Israel's eyes  
 Oh ! bid thy free salvation rise ;  
 From Sion's hill its healing ray  
 Extend, and round us pour the day.

## PSALM LI.

*The Fall.*

- 1 LORD ! we are vile, conceiv'd in sin ;  
 E'en with our life our woes begin ;  
 Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall  
 Depraves his race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,  
 The seed is sown, foreboding death :—  
 How fast the deep corruption shoots !  
 How soon we taste its bitter fruits !
- 3 Renew, O God, my inmost heart ;  
 Thine HOLY SPIRIT'S pow'r impart ;  
 Make my soul pure, my spirit right,  
 Nor ever cast me from thy sight.
- 4 *The moral taint lies deep within ;  
 No Jewish types can cleanse from sin ;  
 No blood of beasts, nor running brook,\*  
 Nor holy drops from hyssop shook.*
- \* Numbers xix. 2, 17, 18. Heb. ix. 13.



- 5 Cleanse me, O CHRIST ! whose blood alone  
Can free from sin, for guilt atone ;  
So shall my bosom tranquil grow,  
And whiter than the driven snow.

PSALM CXIX.

*Sanctified Affliction.*

- 1 FATHER ! I bless thy gentle hand ;  
How kind was that chastising rod,  
Which bow'd my will to thy command,  
And brought my wandering soul to God !
- 2 Foolish and vain I went astray,  
Ere I had felt thy scourges, LORD ;  
I left my guide, and lost my way ;  
But now I love, and keep thy Word.
- 3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,  
For pride is apt to rise and swell ;  
'Tis good to bear my FATHER'S stroke,  
That in his presence I may dwell.
- 4 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,  
Thy SPIRIT form'd my soul within :  
Teach me to know thy saving name,  
And guard me safe from death and sin.

PSALM CXXX.

*Confession and Prayer.*

- 1 FROM lowest depths of woe,  
To thee, O LORD, I cry ;—  
Be swift to hear thy suppliant's voice,  
Be gracious to reply.

- 2 Ah ! who shall stand, if Thou  
Should mark our faults severe ?  
Atoning\* mercy is my trust,  
Sweet source of filial fear.
- 3 My soul in sorrow waits  
For thee, the living LORD ;  
My hopes upon thy word are built,  
Thy never-failing word.
- 4 My longing eyes look out  
For thy enlivening ray,  
More eager than the morning watch  
'To spy the dawning day.
- 5 Let Israel trust in God,  
No bound his mercy knows ;  
His plenteous grace shall Israel's soul  
Redeem from deepest woes.

PSALM CXIX.—v. 176 *Paraphrased.**The Sinner convinced of his lost State.*

- 1 LORD ! to thy Throne of Grace I flee ;  
Behold me suppliant bend the knee :  
Oh ! let thy promis'd aid dispel  
The clouds of grief that on me dwell.
- 2 Thy righteous precepts taught to know,  
How shall my lips with praise o'erflow !  
Touch'd with devotion's holy flame,  
How shall my tongue thy word proclaim !
- \* *The original word signifies propitiation.*—Scott ad loc

- 3 Thine eyes in me the sheep behold,  
Whose feet have wander'd from the fold,  
Who guideless, helpless, strives in vain  
To find his safe retreat again.
- 4 He listens, if perchance his ear  
The Shepherd's well-known voice may hear ;  
Then as the tempests round him blow  
In plaintive accents vents his woe.
- 5 JEHOVAH ! SAVIOUR ! " ALL IN ALL !"  
Do thou my erring steps recall ;  
Seek me, who bow to thy command,  
Stretch in my rescue, stretch thy hand.
- 6 Oh ! let my soul, to life restor'd,  
Thy love in lasting hymns record,  
While o'er my head thy beams shall shine,  
And make the great Salvation mine.

PSALM LI.

*Prayer for Pardon and Sanctification.*

- 1 HAVE mercy, LORD ! on me ;  
Be now, as ever, kind ;  
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,  
Thy tender mercy find.
- 2 Wash off my foul offence,  
And cleanse my sin away ;  
I own my guilt, I see my crimes  
In constant dread array.
- 3 Withdraw not, LORD, thy help,  
Nor cast me from thy sight,  
Nor let thy HOLY SPIRIT take  
His everlasting flight.

- 4 Could flocks and herds atone,  
Whole flocks and herds should die ;  
But only **CHRIST**, the Lamb of God,  
Can claim thy gracious eye.
- 5 In **CHRIST** the humble soul  
Is **GOD**'s true sacrifice ;  
The troubled, broken, contrite heart,  
Thou wilt not, **LORD**, despise.

## PSALM XXXII.

*The Sinner Justified by Faith.*

- 1 **HOW** blest the man, whose conscious grief  
From thee, O **GOD**, hath found relief !  
Whose guilt thy boundless love hath veil'd,  
His fears compos'd, his weakness heal'd.
- 2 My mourning soul her crimes shall own ;—  
Behold me bow before thy throne ;  
To thee my inmost guilt disclose,  
And in thy bosom pour my woes.
- 3 But lo ! while yet my hands I rear,  
The voice of mercy meets my ear ;  
Thy **SPIRIT** whispers peace within,  
And seals the pardon of my sin.
- 4 For this each saint shall thee adore,  
Ere yet the day of grace be o'er ;—  
When winds descend, when floods are high,  
To him the storm shall not come nigh.

\* Offer solemnly.

## PSALM XXV.

*Prayer for Pardon and Grace.*

- 1 TO thee, O LORD, my God !  
I lift my heart and voice ;  
And shall I disappointed mourn ?  
And shall my foes rejoice ?
- 2 Thy saving truth bestow,  
Conduct me in thy way ;  
GOD of my hope ! in thee alone  
I trust the live-long day.
- 3 Thy mercies oft vouchsaf'd,  
Thy love recall to mind ;  
Continue to thy servant still,  
As thou wast ever, kind.
- 4 Let all my youthful sins  
Be blotted from thy book ;  
In mercy, through redeeming love,  
On me in mercy look.
- 5 The riches of his grace  
The righteous LORD displays  
In bringing sinful wanderers home,  
And teaching them his ways.
- 6 His faithful justice guides  
All, who his guidance seek ;  
And in the paths of glory leads  
The humble and the meek.

**59** (2) LENT.—MOTIVES FOR REPENTANCE.

PSALM CXXX.—(SECOND VERSION.)

*The Thankful Penitent.*

- 1 **I LOVE** the **LORD** ! for he hath heard  
My supplicating voice :  
I love the **LORD** ! and in his love  
Will evermore rejoice.
- 2 The pangs of death, the pains of hell,  
Encompass'd me around ;  
Trouble and grief took hold on me,  
And bow'd me to the ground.
- 3 Now, O my soul ! from all thy woes,  
In thy **REDEEMER** rest,  
Who graciously hath dealt with thee,  
And bountifully blest.
- 4 Thou, **LORD**, hast saved my soul from death  
My weeping eyes from tears,  
My feet from falling, and my mind  
From agonizing fears.
- 5 What shall I render to the Lord,  
Whose love is still the same ?  
Salvation's sacred cup I take,  
And call upon his name.

HYMN XLV.

*For the Jews.*—Rom. ii. 23.

- 1 **GREAT** God of Abraham ! hear our pray'r,  
Let Abraham's seed thy mercy share :  
Oh ! may they now at length return,  
And look on Him they pierc'd, and mourn.
- 2 Remember Jacob's flock of old ;  
Bring home the wanderers to thy fold ;  
Remember too thy promis'd word,  
" Israel at last shall see the **LORD**."
- 3 Though outcasts still estrang'd from Thee,  
Cut off from their own olive-tree,  
Why should they longer such remain ?  
For thou canst graft them in again.
- 4 **LORD** ! put thy law within their hearts,  
And write it in their inward parts :  
The veil of darkness rend in two,  
Which hides **MESSIAH** from their view.
- 5 Oh ! haste the day, foretold so long,  
When Greek and Jew, a glorious throng,  
One house shall seek, one pray'r shall pour,  
And one **REDEEMER** shall adore.

## HYMN XLVI.

*Corruption of Nature.*—Eph. iv. 22.

- 1 GREAT King of glory and of grace,  
We own, with humble shame,  
The guilt of our degenerate race,  
Th' infection of our frame.
- 2 From Adam flows our tainted blood ;  
The poison, spread within,  
Prompts us to turn from all that's good,  
The willing slaves of sin.
- 3 We live estrang'd afar from God,  
And love the distance well ;  
And run with haste the dang'rous road  
That leads to death and hell.
- 4 SAVIOUR ! can rebels be restor'd,  
And in God's favour shine ?—  
Yes ; thou canst turn the heart, O LORD :  
And be the glory thine.

## HYMN XLVII.

*Importance of Eternity.*

- 1 LO ! on a narrow neck of land  
Between two boundless seas I stand,  
Yet here securely dwell ;  
A point of time, a moment's space,  
May raise me to yon heavenly place,  
Or sink me down to hell.



- 2 O God ! mine inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress ;  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness.
- 3 Before me place in dread array  
The pomp of that tremendous Day,  
When every silent tomb  
Thy far-resounding voice shall hear,  
And I in guilt and shame appear,  
Or meet a joyful doom.
- 4 Be this my one great business now,  
(O prosper Thou my feeble vow !)  
Eternal bliss t' ensure ;  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.
- 5 Then, SAVIOUR ! then my soul receive,  
Transported from this vale to live  
And reign with thee above ;  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.

### HYMN XLVIII.

*Uncertainty of Life.*—Jas. iv. 14.

- 1 TO-MORROW, LORD, is thine,  
Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand ;  
And if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines at thy command.

- 2 The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away ;  
Oh ! may thy servant, truly wise,  
Improve each passing day.
- 3 Since on this light-wing'd hour  
Eternal things are hung,  
Awake, by thine almighty pow'r,  
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;  
Be that one thing pursued ;  
CHRIST now refus'd, the season fair  
May never be renew'd.
- 5 Teach us thy name to fear,  
Spread thine alarm abroad ;  
And cry in every careless ear,  
" Prepare to meet thy God."

## HYMN XLIX.

*Nearness of Death.*—Psalm xxxvii. 36, 37.

- 1 SOON with resistless arm shall death  
Assert his sovereign claim,  
And summon man to yield his breath  
To HIM, from whom it came.
- 2 Like crowded forest-trees we stand,  
And some are mark'd to fall ;  
The axe will smite at God's command,  
And soon shall smite us all.

- 3 Green as the bay-tree, ever green,  
With its new foilage on,  
The gay, the thoughtless I have seen ;  
I pass'd—and they were gone.
- 4 LORD, teach us henceforth, so to live,  
And number all our days,  
That in thy strength we now may strive  
To walk in wisdom's ways.
- 5 To thee, O CHRIST, to thee we fly,  
Whose powerful arm can save :  
So may our hope ascend on high,  
And triumph over the grave.

#### HYMN L.

*On Warnings neglected.*—Job xxxiii. 14.

- 1 HE who sits from day to day  
Where the prison'd lark is hung,  
Heedless of his loudest lay,  
Scarcely knows that he has sung.
- 2 Daily visitations come  
Publishing to all aloud,—  
—“ Soon the grave must be your home,  
“ And your only suit, a shroud !”
- 3 But the monitory strain  
Oft repeated in our ears,  
Seems to sound too much in vain,  
Wins no notice, wakes no fears.
- 4 Pleasure's call attention wins,  
Hear it often as we may ;  
New as ever seem our sins,  
Though committed every day.

- 5 Death and judgment, heaven and hell,  
 These alone, so often heard,  
 No more move us than the bell,  
 When some stranger is interr'd.
- 6 O then ! ere the turf or tomb  
 Cover us from every eye,  
 SPIRIT of instruction, come,  
 Make us learn that we must die.

## HYMN LI.

*The Law and the Gospel.*—Phil. iii. 9.

- 1 THE Law commands, and bids us know  
 What duties to our God we owe :  
 But 'tis the Gospel must instil  
 Where lies our strength to do His will.
- 2 The Law discovers guilt and sin,  
 And shows how vile our hearts have been :  
 But in the Gospel we can trace  
 Forgiving love, and cleansing grace.
- 3 What anger does the Law denounce  
 Against the man, that fails but once !  
 But in the Gospel CHRIST appears  
 Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.
- 4 Sinners, no more attempt to draw  
 A claim of merit from the Law ;  
 Fly to the grace the Gospel gives ;  
 The soul that trusts the Promise, lives.

HYMN LIH.

*The Gospel Jubilee.* — Luke iv. 18, 19.

- 1 **BLOW** ye the trumpet, blow !  
     The gladly solemn sound  
 Let all the nations know,  
     To earth's remotest bound :  
 The year of Jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 **O** let the **LAMB** of **GOD** —  
     The highest praise engross ;  
 Spread joyful news abroad,  
     Redemption by his cross :  
 The year of Jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 **Ye**, who have sold for nought  
     Your heritage above,  
 Resume it now unbought,  
     The gift of **JESUS'** love :  
 The year of Jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 4 **JESUS**, our great High Priest,  
     Hath full atonement made ;  
 Ye weary spirits, rest ;  
     Ye mournful souls, be glad :  
 The year of Jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

## HYMN LIIL.

*Holy Retirement.*—Psalm iv. 4.

- 1 FAR from the world, O LORD, I flee,  
From strife and tumult far;  
From scenes, where Satan wages still  
His too successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree;  
And seem by thy sweet bounty form'd  
For those who follow Thee.
- 3 There, if thy SPIRIT touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
O with what peace, and joy, and love,  
She communes with her God!
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays;  
Nor asks a witness to her song;  
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life!  
Sweet Source of light divine!  
And (all harmonious names in one)  
My SAVIOUR, Thou art mine!
- 6 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,  
A boundless endless store,  
Shall echo through the realms above,  
When time shall be no more.

HYMN LIV.

*Self-Examination.*—Psalm iv. 4.

- 1 **RETURN**, my roving heart, return,  
And earth's vain shadows chase no more ;  
Seek out some solitude to mourn,  
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 O Thou great God, whose piercing eye  
Distinctly marks each deep retreat !  
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,  
And let me here my SAVIOUR meet.
- 3 Through all the windings of my heart  
My search let heavenly wisdom guide ;  
And still its beams unerring dart,  
Till all be known and purified.
- 4 Then with the comforts of thy love  
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer,  
Till every grace combine to prove,  
That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

HYMN LV.

*Sanctification desired.*—Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 27.

- 1 **INFINITE** Power ! eternal LORD !  
How sovereign is thy hand !  
All nature rose at thy dread word,  
And moves at thy command.
- 2 With steady course thy shining sun  
Keeps his appointed way ;  
And all the hours obedient run  
The circle of the day.

**67** LENT.— PROGRESS OF REPENTANCE.

- 3 But ah ! how far my spirit flies,  
And wanders from my God !  
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,  
And treads the downward road.
- 4 LORD ! thy renewing grace bestow,  
Conform my heart to thine ;  
Melt down my will, and let it flow,  
And take the mould divine.

HYMN LVI.

*What shall I do to be saved ?—Acts xvi. 3*

- 1 AND am I born to die ?  
To lay this body down ?  
And must my trembling spirit fly  
Into a world unknown ?
- 2 Who can resolve the doubt,  
That tears my anxious breast ?  
Shall I with Satan be cast out,  
Or welcom'd with the blest ?
- 3 To Him, who would not have  
One wretched soul to die,  
Who died himself my soul to save,  
I pour my constant cry.
- 4 Thou, LORD ! the way make known  
To 'scape that wrath severe ;  
That I before thy glorious throne  
With gladness may appear.
- 5 Thou art thyself the Way ;  
Thyself if Thou reveal,  
Pleas'd I shall close life's little day,  
Nor dying terrors feel



- 6 At the last trumpet's sound,  
To joy my dust shall rise,  
Welcome the Judge with glory crown'd,  
And mount the flaming skies.

HYMN LVII.

*Interest in Christ.*—John vi. 53, 54.

- 1 COME, JESUS, SAVIOUR of my soul !  
Be thou my heart's delight !  
Ever to me the same remain,  
My joy by day and night.
- 2 Athirst and hungering for thy grace  
May I be found each hour !  
Abas'd in heart, and happy kept  
By thine almighty pow'r.
- 3 Oh ! may I never once forget  
What a poor worm I am !  
A sinner, ransom'd by the blood  
Of God's atoning LAMB.
- 4 The mystery of redeeming love  
Be ever dear to me !  
And may the flesh and blood of CHRIST  
My daily manna be !

HYMN LVIII.

*Contrition.*—Psalm li. 17.

- 1 THE LORD will happiness divine  
On contrite hearts bestow :—  
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine  
A contrite heart or no ?

- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,  
 Insensible as steel!  
 If aught be felt, 'tis only pain  
 To find I cannot feel.
- 3 Thy saints are comforted I know,  
 And love thy house of pray'r;  
 Thither I go, when others go,  
 But find no comfort there.
- 4 O make this heart rejoice, or ache;  
 Decide this doubt for me:  
 And if it be not broken, break,  
 And heal it, if it be.

## HYMN LIX.

*Spiritual Conflict.*—Gal. v. 17.

- 1 **WHAT** adverse natures dwell within,  
 Imperfect grace, remaining sin!  
 Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,  
 Though each by turns the heart assail.
- 2 Now I complain and prostrate lie,  
 Now raise my songs of triumph high;  
 Sing a rebellious passion slain,  
 Or mourn to feel it live again.
- 3 One happy hour beholds me rise,  
 Borne upwards to the promis'd skies;  
 And faith supports my soaring flight  
 To realms of joy, and worlds of light.
- 4 Scarce some few hours, or minutes roll,  
 Ere earth recalls my captive soul;  
 I feel the fascinating force,  
 And downward urge my rapid course.

- 5 Great GOD! uphold me through the fight,  
Triumphant in my SAVIOUR'S might;  
Thou the desponding heart canst raise;  
The victory thine, and thine the praise.

### HYMN LX.

*Prayer encouraged.*—1 Kings iii. 5.

- 1 AND dost Thou say "Ask what thou wilt?"  
LORD! I will seize the golden hour;  
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,  
From sin's deceit, and Satan's pow'r.
- 2 More of thy presence, LORD, impart,  
More of thine image let me bear;  
Erect thy throne within my heart,  
And reign without a rival there.
- 3 My fears remove, my pardon seal,  
In weakness, LORD, be Thou my strength;  
The SAVIOUR'S boundless love reveal  
In all "its height, and breadth, and length."
- 4 Grant these requests, I ask no more,  
But to thy care the rest resign;  
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,  
All shall be well if I am Thine.

### HYMN LXI.

*The Sufferings of Christ pleaded.*

- 1 LORD! thou know'st my wretched case,  
Thou the curse of sin remove;  
Save me by thy richest grace,  
Save me by thy pardoning love.

71 . BENT.—PROGRESS OF REPENTANCE.

- 2 Let me hear the welcome sound,  
Speak, if still Thou canst forgive;  
Speak, and let the lost be found;  
Speak, and let the dying live.
- 3 By thy pangs and bloody sweat,  
By thy depth of grief unknown,  
Save me prostrate at thy feet,  
Save, O save thy ransom'd one.
- 4 By thy mortal groans and sighs,  
By thy precious death I pray,  
Hear my humble heart-felt cries;  
Take, O take my sins away.

HYMN LXII.

*Christ our Refuge.*

- 1 JESUS, Refuge of my soul !  
Let me to thy bosom fly, \*  
While the threatening waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide;  
Oh ! receive my soul at last.
  - 2 Other refuge have I none,  
Flies my helpless soul to Thee;  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me;  
All my trust on Thee is laid,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
- \* "He shall carry them in his bosom." Is. xl. 14.

- 3 Thou, O CHRIST ! art all I want ;  
More than all in Thee I find ;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind :  
Just and holy is thy name,  
Mine is from a guilty race ;  
I am full of sin and shame,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to pardon all my sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound ;  
Make, and keep me pure within :  
Thou of Life the Fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee ;  
"Spring thou up within my heart,"  
Rise to all eternity.

### HYMN LXIII.

*Monument of Praise.*—1 Sam. vii. 12.

- 1 COME, Thou Source of every blessing !  
Tune my heart to hallow'd lays ;  
Streams of mercy never ceasing  
Call for ceaseless songs of praise ;  
Teach me some melodious measure,  
Sung by raptur'd tongues above ;  
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
While I celebrate Thy love.
- 2 JESUS sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God,  
And, to rescue me from danger,  
Interpos'd his precious blood.—

Safe thus far, by Thee defended,  
 In my stage of life I'm come ;  
 Safe, O LORD, when life is ended,  
 Bring me to thy heavenly home.

- 3 To Thy Grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !  
 Let that Grace break every fetter  
 That withholds my heart from Thee ;  
 Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it,  
 Prone to leave the God I love ;  
 Let Thy SPIRIT guard, and seal it,  
 Seal it for thy courts above.

#### HYMN LXIV.

##### *Unbelief lamented.*

- 1 WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,  
 And smiling day once more appears,  
 Then, my REDEEMER ! then I find  
 The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 I chide my unbelieving heart,  
 And blush, that I should ever be  
 Thus prone to act so base a part,  
 Or harbour one hard thought of Thee.
- 3 Oh ! let me then at length be taught,  
 What I am still so slow to learn,  
 That God is LOVE, and changes not,  
 Nor knows "the shadow of a turn."
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !  
 But when my faith is sharply tried,  
*I find myself a learner yet,*  
*Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.*

- 6 But, LORD, from Thee one cheering ray  
 Subdues the disobedient will,  
 Drives doubt and discontent away,  
 And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive,  
 As I am ready to repine ;  
 Thou therefore all the praise receive ;—  
 Be pain and self-abhorrence mine.

HYMN LXV.

*Complaint of Backsliding.*

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,  
 A calm and heavenly frame,  
 A light to shine upon the road,  
 That leads me to the LAMB !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
 When first I lov'd the LORD ?  
 Where is the soul-refreshing view  
 Of JESUS and his word !
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !  
 How sweet their memory still !  
 But they have left an aching void  
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,  
 Sweet messenger of rest ;  
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
 And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
 Whate'er that idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
 And worship only Thee.

**75**    **LENT.—PROGRESS OF REPENTANCE.**

- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame ;  
So purer light shall mark the road,  
That leads me to the LAMB.

**HYMN LXVI.**

*The Buckslider returning.*—Jer. iii. 22.

- 1    **AND** wilt thou still be found ?  
And may I still draw near ?  
LORD ! listen to the plaintive sound  
Of thy poor wanderer's pray'r.
- 2    **JESUS !** thine aid afford,  
Since still the same Thou art :  
To Thee I look ; to Thee, O LORD,  
I lift a wretched heart.
- 3    Thou seest my troubled breast,  
The struggles of my will,  
The foes that interrupt my rest,  
The agonies I feel.
- 4    But what avails my strife,  
My tossing to and fro !  
"Thou hast the words of endless life ;"  
"Ah ! whither should I go ?"
- 5    O my offended LORD !  
Restore my inward peace ;  
I know Thou canst !—pronounce the word,  
And bid the tempest cease.



HYMN LXVII.

*Unfruitfulness lamented.*—2 Cor. vi. 1.

- 1 **LONG** have we heard the joyful sound  
Of thy salvation, **LORD** ;  
Yet still how weak our faith is found,  
How slow to learn thy word !
- 2 Duly we seek thy Holy Place,  
Yet almost seek in vain ;  
So small a portion of thy grace  
Our treacherous hearts retain.
- 3 How cold and feeble is our love,  
How negligent our fear !  
How low our thoughts of joys above,  
How prone to linger here !
- 4 **O GOD** ! in **CHRIST** Thine aid impart,  
Impressions lost retrace ;  
Write thy salvation on the heart ;  
Renew us by Thy Grace.
- 5 Show our forgetful feet the way,  
That leads to joys on high,  
Where knowledge grows without decay,  
Where love shall never die.

HYMN LXVIII.

*Types of Atonement.*—Col. ii. 17.

- 1 **ISRAEL** in ancient days  
Not only had a view  
Of Sinai in a blaze,  
But learn'd the Gospel too :  
*The types and figures were a glass,  
In which they saw the SAVIOUR'S face.*

- 2     The Paschal sacrifice,  
       And blood-besprinkled door, \*  
       Seen with enlighten'd eyes,  
       And once applied with pow'r,  
       Would teach the need of other blood  
       To reconcile an angry God.
- 3     The Lamb, † the Dove set forth  
       His perfect innocence,  
       Whose blood of matchless worth  
       Should be the soul's defence:  
       For He, who can for sin atone,  
       Must have no failings of his own.
- 4     The scape-goat ‡ on his head  
       The people's trespass bore,  
       And to the desert led  
       Was to be seen no more:  
       In him our SAVIOUR seem'd to say,  
       "Behold! I bear your sins away."
- 5     Dipt in his fellow's blood  
       The living bird went free; ¶  
       The type well understood  
       Express'd the sinner's plea;  
       Describ'd a guilty soul discharg'd,  
       And by a SAVIOUR's death enlarg'd.
- 6     JESUS! I love to trace,  
       Throughout the sacred page,  
       The footsteps of thy grace,  
       The same in ev'ry age:  
       O grant that I may faithful be,  
       To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me!

\* Exod. xii. 13.

† Levit. xii. 6.

‡ Levit. xvi. 21.

¶ Levit. xiv. 51—

HYMN LXIX.

*Justification by Faith alone.*—John i. 29.

- 1 **HOW** shall we stand when **CHRIST** appears ?  
How come before our **LORD** ?  
At that dread hour will cries or tears  
Avert the threatening sword ?
- 2 Shall sinners plead the costly blood  
Of lambs or bullocks spilt ?  
Shall they alledge their hearts are good,  
And think to hide their guilt ?
- 3 Ah ! no ;—the **LAMB** of **GOD** alone,  
The **LAMB**, whom **GOD** hath sent,  
Can for our numerous sins atone,  
And His just wrath prevent.
- 4 O **LAMB** of **GOD** ! our sins forgive !  
On Thee our hopes we place :  
Say to our troubled spirits, live ;  
And save us by thy Grace.

HXMN LXX.

*The same.*—Rom. iii. 24, 25.

- 1 **BLEST** Lamb of **GOD** ! whose dying love  
We now recall to mind !  
Oh ! hear us from thy throne above,  
And let us mercy find.
- 2 By all thy agonizing pain,  
Thy cruel woes, we pray,  
And by thy dying love to man,  
Cleanse all our sins away.

- 3 LORD ! let thy blood, by faith applied,  
 Our gracious pardon seal ;  
 Pronounce us freely justified,  
 And all our sorrows heal.
- 4 From sin's dominion set us free,  
 Our suppliant souls release,  
 Raise all our hearts to think of Thee  
 And bless us with **THY PEACE !**

## HYMN LXXI.

*The Fountain opened for Sin.*—Zech. xiii. 1.

- 1 **THERE** is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
 Drawn from **IMMANUEL'S** veins,  
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood  
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
 That fountain in his day ;  
 There may I too, defil'd as he,  
 Wash all my stains away.
- 3 Atoning **LAMB !** thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its pow'r,  
 Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
 Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 **LORD !** I believe thou hast prepar'd,  
 Unworthy though I be,  
 For me a blood-bought free reward,  
 A golden harp for me.

- 6 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,  
And form'd by power divine,  
To sound in GOD the FATHER's ears  
No other name but Thine.

HYMN LXXII.

*Christ the Rock of Ages.*—1 Cor. x. 4.

- 1 **ROCK** of ages, cleft for me !  
Let me hide myself in Thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure ;  
Cleanse from guilt, and grace ensure.
- 2 May my zeal no langour know ;  
May my heart with love o'erflow ;  
But can this for sin atone ?  
Thou must save, and Thou alone :  
Nothing in my hand I bring ;  
Simply to thy Cross I cling.
- 2 Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids sink in death,  
When I soar through tracts unknown,  
See Thee on thy judgment-throne ;—  
Rock of ages, cleft for me !  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

## HYMN LXXIII.

*Peace by the Blood of the Cross.*—Col. i

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the Cross I spend,  
Life, and health, and strength possessing  
From the sinner's dying Friend!  
Here I sit intently viewing  
Mercy pour'd in "precious blood;"  
Which, by Faith my soul renewing,  
Pleads, and claims my peace with God
- 2 Truly blessed in this station,  
Low before His Cross I lie;  
While I see divine compassion  
Float in his expiring eye:  
Here it is I find my Heaven,  
Here the God of Mercy trace;  
"Loving much for much forgiven,"  
Made a monument of Grace.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
Fain with tears his feet I'd bathe;  
Constant still "in Him abiding,"  
Life deriving from His death:  
May I still enjoy this feeling,  
In all need to Jesus go,  
Find his wounds each day more healing,  
And Himself more deeply know!

HYMN LXXIV.

*The Lord our Righteousness.*—Jer. xxiii. 6.

- 1 **JESUS!** thy perfect Righteousness  
Is the soul's bright immortal dress ;  
No age can change its glorious hue,  
The Grace of **CHRIST** is ever new.
- 2 This spotless robe the same appears,  
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;  
'Mid flaming worlds, if thus array'd,  
I shall with triumph lift my head.
- 3 When from the dust of death I rise  
To seek the mansions in the skies,  
E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
" **JESUS** hath liv'd and died for me."
- 4 Why should I dread that awful day ?  
" Who to my charge my sins shall lay,"  
Renew'd, absolv'd in thy dear Name,  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame ?
- 5 **LORD**, bid thy banish'd ones rejoice ;  
Let sinners hear thy quickening voice ;  
Their glory this, their beauteous dress,  
" **JESUS**, the **LORD**, our Righteousness !"

HYMN LXXV.

*Nature moved at his Death.*—Matt. xxvii. 45, 51.

- 1 **WHY** are these direful omens\* sent,  
That heaven and earth amaze ?  
*Why yawns the ground with earthquakes rent ?  
Why hides the sun his rays ?*

\* Signs.

- 2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake;  
And nature sympathize;  
The sun his veil of darkness take :—  
JESUS, their Maker dies !
- 3 Behold, my soul, th' accursed Tree !  
Behold th' atoning Blood !  
He dies—the LORD of Life,—for me !  
My SAVIOUR, and my GOD !
- 4 For me those pains thy heart assail ;  
For me this death is borne ;  
My sins put sharpness to the nail,  
And pointed every thorn.
- 5 My sins,—to Thee each pang they gave,  
Let them with Thee be slain !  
And save me, LORD, for ever save,  
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

## HYMN LXXVI.

*The Son of God forsaken.*—Psalm lxix. 20.

- 1 THOU God of God, thou Light of Light !  
I see Thee on the Cross expire,  
(Thy Godhead veil'd in sable night,)  
And angels from Thy woes retire.
- 2 But why from these sad scenes retreat ?  
Why with your wings your faces hide ?  
He ne'er appear'd so good, so great,  
As when He bow'd his head and died.
- 3 *The indignation of a God*  
*On Him avenging justice hurl'd :*  
*Beneath the weight He firmly stood,*  
*And nobly sav'd a ruin'd world.*



- 4 These triumphs of thy love amaze,  
 Rejoice, and melt my stubborn heart;  
 LORD! at thy Cross I stand, and gaze,  
 Nor would I ever thence depart.

HYMN LXXVII.

*Crucifixion to the World.*—Gal. vi. 4.

- 1 **WHEN** I survey the wondrous Cross  
 On which the Prince of Glory died,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast,  
 Save in the death of CHRIST, my God:  
 All the vain things, that charm me most,  
 I scorn for interest in his Blood.
- 3 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down:  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a tribute far too small;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN LXXVIII.

*Our Saviour's expiring Words.*—Luke xxiii. 46.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the SAVIOUR of mankind  
 Nail'd to the shameful tree!  
 Strange love! that thus the LORD inclin'd  
 To bleed and die for me.

**85**      **EASTER.—RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.**

- 2 Hark ! how He groans ! all nature shakes ;  
     Night shrouds the firmament ;  
     The Temple's veil asunder breaks ;  
     The solid rocks are rent.
- 3 'Tis done ;—the precious ransom paid,  
     "Receive my soul," he cries,  
     Invoking loud his FATHER's aid,  
     Then bows his head, and dies.
- 4 Freely for me accurst and slain,—  
     O "Light of Light" Divine !  
     O LAMB of GOD ! was ever pain,  
     Was ever love like Thine ?

**PSALM II.**

*Attempts to oppose Christ's Kingdom vain.*

- 1      **WHY** do the Gentile hosts,  
         And Jews, with one accord,  
     Bend all their counsels to destroy  
         Th' Anointed of the LORD ?
- 2      Rulers and kings enrag'd  
         Conceive a vain design ;  
     Against the LORD their pow'rs unite,  
         Against His CHRIST combine.
- 3      The LORD derides their rage,  
         And guards MESSIAH's Throne :  
     He, that hath rais'd Him from the dead,  
         Thus owns Him for His SON :
- 4      "Ask Thou, and I will give  
         "A large inheritance ;  
     "Far as the world's remotest bound  
         "Thy Kingdom shall advance"

- 5     “The nations that rebel  
      “Shall feel the wrath of God,  
      “Like potter’s sherds in pieces dash’d  
      “Beneath Thine iron rod.”

## PSALM XLVI.

*Christ’s Ascension celebrated.*

- 1 **JESUS**, our God, ascends on high !  
   His heavenly guards around  
   Attend him rising through the sky  
   With trumpet’s joyful sound.
- 2 While angels shout, and praise their King,  
   Let mortals learn their strains ;  
   Let all the earth his honour sing ;  
   O’er all the earth He reigns.
- 3 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,  
   Let knowledge lead the song ;  
   Nor mock Him with a solemn sound  
   Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 4 In Israel stood his ancient throne ;  
   ’Tis still his chosen race ;  
   Now the world too He calls his own,  
   And heathens hail his Grace.

## PSALM XXIV.

*Entrance of Christ into Heaven.*

1 **LIFT** up your heads, eternal Gates !  
 Lift up to entertain  
 The King of glory :—see ! He comes  
 With his celestial train.  
 “ Who is the King of Glory ? Who ? ”  
 The **LORD** for strength renown'd,  
 In battle mighty o'er his foes  
 'Triumphant Victor crown'd.

2 Lift up your heads, eternal Gates !  
 Lift up to entertain  
 The King of glory :—see ! He comes  
 With his celestial train.  
 “ Who is the King of glory ? Who ? ”  
 The **LORD** of Hosts renown'd ;  
 Th' ascending **SAVIOUR** ! He is King,  
 He is with glory crown'd.

## PLALM XXIV.

*The same.*

1 **LO** ! **JESUS** rises from the dead,  
 Our **LORD** victorious mounts on high ;  
 The powers of Hell are captive led,  
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 *There his triumphal chariot waits,*  
*And angels chaunt the solemn lay ;*  
 “ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !  
 “ Ye everlasting door's, give way !

- 3 "Loose all your bars of massy light,  
"And wide unfold the glittering scene :  
"He claims these mansions as His right ;  
"Receive the King of glory in !"
- 4 "Who is the King of glory ? Who ?"  
"The LORD, who all his foes o'ercame,  
"The World, Sin, Death, and Hell o'erthrew ;  
"And JESUS is the Conqueror's name."
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chaunt the solemn lay :  
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !  
"Ye everlasting doors, give way !"
- 6 "Who is the King of glory ? Who ?"  
The LORD, of glorious power possest  
"The King of saints and angels too,  
"God over all for ever blest."

## PSALM L.

*Saints Glorified.*

- 1 **LO !** CHRIST in judgment shall descend  
With saints around their LORD,  
And bid unnumber'd tribes attend  
The sentence of his word.
- 2 Thron'd on a cloud, his awful form  
In flames shall urge its way  
'Mid thunder, darkness, fire, and storm,  
Signs of that dreadful Day.
- 3 No more shall proud blasphemers say,  
"Judgment will ne'er begin ;"  
No more abuse his kind delay,  
Nor boast themselves of sin.

- 4 Heav'n from above His call shall hear,  
 His train of angels come,  
 And earth and hell shall know and fear  
 His justice and their doom.
- 5 "But gather all my Saints," He cries,  
 "Who made, from falsehood free,  
 "Through mine atoning sacrifice,  
 "A covenant with me.
- 6 "Bring forth their faith and works to light ;  
 "There all the world shall trace  
 "Proofs, that my free reward is right,  
 "And Heaven shall sing my grace."

## PSALM XLVII.

*The Hope of true Christians.*

- 1 LORD ! I am thine ; but Thou wilt prove  
 My faith, my patience, and my love :  
 When foes against my peace combine,  
 They are the sword, the hand is thine.
- 2 The only happiness they know,  
 Their hope and portion lie below :  
 But what they value I resign ;  
 LORD ! 'tis enough that Thou art mine.
- 3 Life is a dream, an empty show ;  
 To yon bright world of bliss I go ;  
 There I shall see Thee face to face,  
 And stand complete in righteousness.
- 4 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
 I shall be near and like my God ;  
 And sin and death no more control  
*The sacred pleasures of my soul.*

- 5 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
Till the last Trumpet's joyful sound ;  
Then burst its chains with glad surprise,  
And in my SAVIOUR'S image rise.

## PSALM XL.

*Christ's Intercession.*

- 1 THE wonders, LORD, Thy Love has wrought,  
Exceed our praise, surpass our thought ;  
Should I attempt the long detail,  
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.
- 2 No blood of beasts, on altars spilt,  
Can cleanse the human soul from guilt ;  
But thy redeeming Love supplies  
An all-sufficient sacrifice.
- 3 " Behold ! I come," (the SAVIOUR cries,  
Love sweetly beaming in his eyes,)  
" To bear of Sin the heavy load,  
" To do thy righteous will, O God.
- 4 " I come to magnify thy laws,  
" True to the type thy volume draws,  
" When on the Cross uplifted high,  
" When ris'n to joy above the sky.
- 5 " The SPIRIT shall descend, and show  
" Thy truths to man, and dwell below ;  
" Admiring worlds thy name shall bless,  
" And own thy saving righteousness."

## PSALM CXXII.

*The Peace of the Church prayed for.*

- 1 **O** LET us pray for Salem's peace ;  
For blessed shall they be,  
Thou Holy City of our God !  
Who bear true love to Thee.
- 2 May peace within thy sacred walls  
A constant guest be found ;  
With plenteous gifts of grace and joy  
Thy palaces be crown'd !
- 3 That prayer my dearest brethren claim,  
And friends, as brethren dear ;—  
May holy peace in Salem's tow'rs  
A constant guest appear !
- 4 But chiefly will I seek thy good,  
And chiefly love Thee well,  
For Zion's and the Temple's sake,  
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

## PSALM XXIII.

*The Lord its Shepherd.*

- 1 **THE** LORD my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
*His presence shall my wants supply,*  
*And guard me with a watchful eye ;*  
*My noon-day walks He shall attend,*  
*And all my midnight hours defend.*



- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary wandering steps He leads,  
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of Death I tread  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For Thou, O God, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

## PSALM LXXII.

*Its Triumph, or Success of Missions.*

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
His daily race is seen to run,  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To Him shall endless prayer ascend;  
To Him all kings in homage bend;  
His Name, like sweetest fragrance, rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

- 3 The isles and realms of every tongue  
Shall hail his Love with sacred song,  
And infant voices high proclaim  
Their earliest blessings on his Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,  
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And Earth repeat AMEN, AMEN.

## PSALM CXXXII.

*Prayer for the Church.*

- 1 GOD in his temple let us meet;  
Low on our knees before him bend;  
Here hath He fix'd his mercy seat;  
Here on his Sabbath we attend.
- 2 Arise into thy resting-place,  
Thou and thine ark of strength, O LORD!  
Shine through the veil, we seek thy face;  
Speak, for we hearken to thy word.
- 3 With righteousness thy priests array;  
Joyful thy chosen people be;  
*Let those who teach, and hear, and pray,  
Let all, be holiness to Thee.*

- 4 Now, for thy servant David's sake,  
 Perform thine oath to David's son ;  
 Thy truth Thou never wilt forsake ;  
 Look on thine own Anointed One.
- 5 The Lord in faithfulness hath sworn,  
 His throne for ever to maintain ;  
 From realm to realm his sceptre borne  
 Shall stretch o'er earth Messiah's reign.

## PSALM LXXXVII.

*The Church happy in God's Care.*

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
 Zion, CITY of our God !  
 He, whose word cannot be broken,  
 Form'd thee for his own abode :  
 On the rock of ages founded,  
 What can shake thy sure repose ?  
 With Salvation's walls surrounded,  
 Thou canst smile at all thy foes.
- 2 Here the stream of living waters,  
 Springing from eternal Love,  
 Shall refresh thy sons and daughters,  
 And all dread of want remove :  
 Who can faint, where such a river  
 Freely pours, our thirst t'assuage,  
 Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.

**95** EASTER.—RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

- 3 If in Zion's hallow'd city,  
     SAVIOUR ! Thou enrol my name,  
 Let the world deride or pity,  
     Glad for thee I suffer shame :  
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
     Vain this boasted pomp and show ;  
 Solid joys and lasting treasure  
     None but Zion's children know.

HYMN LXXIX.

*The Redeemer conquering Death.*—1 Cor. xv. 55.

- 1 **HE** dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !  
     Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !  
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
     A sudden trembling shakes the ground !  
 Ye saints, with pious tears bedew  
     His tomb, who groan'd beneath your load ;  
 Who freely gave himself for you,  
     Who pour'd for you his precious Blood.
- 2 O love and grief beyond degree !  
     The LORD of Glory dies for men !—  
 But lo ! what sudden joys we see !  
     JESUS, the dead, revives again :  
 The rising God forsakes the tomb !  
     In vain by foes forbid to rise,  
 Angelic legions guard Him home,  
     And hail Him welcome to the skies.
- 3 Cease, cease your tears, ye Saints, and tell  
     How high your great Deliverer reigns ;  
 Sing how He spoil'd the hosts of Hell,  
     And led the tyrant Death in chains.

Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!  
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"  
 Then ask, "O Death! where now thy sting?"  
 "And where thy victory, O Grave?"

HYMN LXXX.

*The Sun of Righteousness.*—Mat. xxviii. 2—6.

1. **THE** Sun of Righteousness appears,  
 To set in blood no more :—  
 Adore the **LORD** who quells your fears,  
 Your rising **LORD** adore.
- 2 'Mid rending rocks, 'mid opening tombs  
 In death **HE** clos'd his eyes,  
 Now ris'n His conquering might assumes,  
 And many saints arise.
- 3 Alone the dreadful race He ran,  
 "Alone the wine-press trod ;"  
 He suffer'd, bled, and died as Man,  
 He lives again as God.
- 4 The seal, the stone, the watch oppose  
 In vain his power to rise ;  
 The gates of Hell He overthrows  
 And opens Paradise.
- 5 Arise, O Sun of righteousness !  
 With healing in thy wing ;  
 Our souls with life and pardon bless,  
 And full Salvation bring.

HYMN LXXXI.

*Jesus conquering Satan.*—Col. ii. 15.

FOR EASTER DAY.

- 1 **THIS** day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud hosannahs sung;  
Let gladness dwell in every heart,  
And praise on every tongue.
- 2 O what a night was that, which wrapp'd  
Th' apostate world in gloom!  
O what a Sun, which broke this day  
Effulgent\* from the tomb!
- 3 Ten thousand different tongues shall join  
To hail this welcome morn;  
Which scatters blessings from its wings  
On nations yet unborn.
- 4 The powers of darkness leagued in vain  
To bind our LORD in death;  
He shook their kingdom, when he fell,  
With his expiring breath.
- 5 And soon his conquering chariot-wheels  
Ascend the lofty skies;  
While broke beneath his powerful cross;  
Death's iron sceptre lies.
- 6 Exalted high at God's right hand,  
And Lord of all below,  
From *JESUS* mercy, grace, and truth,  
And free salvation flow.

\* Shining forth.

## HYMN LXXXII.

*The Angels at the Sepulchre.*—Matt. xxviii. 2, &c.

- 1       **YES**, the REDEEMER rose,  
The SAVIOUR left the dead;  
And o'er our cruel foes  
High rais'd his conquering head;  
    In wild dismay  
    The guards around  
    Fall to the ground,  
    And faint away.
- 2       Lo! the angelic bands  
In full assembly meet,  
To wait His high commands,  
And worship at his feet;  
    Joyful they come,  
    And wing their way,  
    From realms of day,  
    To JESUS' tomb.
- 3       Then back to Heaven they fly.  
And the glad tidings bear;  
Hark! as they soar on high,  
What music fills the air!  
    Their anthems say,  
    "JESUS, who bled,  
    "Hath left the dead,  
    " He rose to day!"
- 4       Ye mortals catch the sound,  
Redeem'd by Him from Hell,  
And send the echo round  
The globe on which ye dwell;

Transported cry,  
 "JESUS, who bled,  
 "Hath left the dead,  
 "No more to die!"

- 5 All hail, triumphant LORD!  
 Who in the dust hast trod  
 Our foes, O Name ador'd,  
 Thou rising, reigning God!  
 With Thee we rise,  
 With Thee we reign,  
 And empires gain  
 Beyond the skies.

## HYMN LXXXIII.

*Angels opening the Sepulchre.*—Matt. xxviii. 2, 3

- 1 ANGELS! roll the rock away;  
 Death! yield up thy mighty prey;  
 See! He rises from the tomb,  
 Rises in immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the SAVIOUR! Angels, raise  
 Your eternal trump of praise;  
 Let the earth's remotest bound  
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Lift, ye Saints, lift up your eyes:  
 Now to glory see Him rise;  
 Mark his progress through the sky  
 To th' expecting worlds on high.
- 4 Heaven displays her portals wide;  
 Glorious Victor! through them ride;  
*King of Glory! mount thy throne,  
 Claim the Kingdom for thine own.*



**100. EASTER.—RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.**

- 5 Praise Him, all ye heav'nly choirs,  
Praise and sweep your golden lyres;  
Shout, O Earth, in rapturous song,  
Let the strains be sweet and strong.
- 6 Higher yet the chorus swell;  
"Death o'erthrown, and captiv'd Hell!  
"Where is Hell's once dreaded King?  
"Where, O Death, thy venom'd sting?"

**HYMN LXXXIV.**

*Benefit of Christ's Resurrection.*—Rom. iv. 25.

**FOR EASTER DAY.**

- 1 **JESUS CHRIST** is ris'n to-day;  
Now He gains triumphant sway,  
Who so lately on the cross  
Suffer'd to redeem our loss.  
Hallelujah.
- 2 Hymns of praises let us sing,  
Hymns to **CHRIST** our heavenly King,  
Who endured the cross and grave,  
Sinners to redeem and save.  
Hallelujah.
- 3 Thus the pains, which He endur'd,  
Our Salvation have procur'd:  
Now He reigns above the sky,  
Where the Angels ever cry,  
Hallelujah.

## HYMN LXXXIV.

*Death and Satan overcome.*—Heb. ii. 1

FOR EASTER DAY.

- 1 JESUS, rising from the dead,  
Bruis'd to-day the Serpent's head;  
Now the vanquish'd pow'rs of Hell  
Swift "from heav'n, like lightning fell."
- 2 Sinners, high your voices raise,  
Shout your great REDEEMER's praise;  
He, who died your souls to save,  
Burst the barriers of the grave.
- 3 Lo! He rises, mighty King—  
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?  
Lo! He claims his native sky—  
Grave, where is thy victory?
- 4 Sinners, see your ransom paid,  
Peace with God for ever made;  
With your risen SAVIOUR rise,  
Claim with Him the purchas'd skies.

## HYMN LXXXV.

*Jesus Triumphant.*—1 Pet. iii. 22.

- Hark! ten thousand voices cry  
"Victory! Victory!" through the sky;  
Swiftly flies the welcome sound,  
Spreading rapturous joy around.
- 1 JESUS comes, his conflict over,  
Comes to claim his great reward:

Angels round the Victor hover,  
Crowding to behold their LORD.

O what honours now await Him!  
Friends and foes shall hear his voice:  
Tremble, tremble, ye that hate Him,  
Ye who love his name, rejoice.

Yonder throne for Him erected  
Now becomes the Victor's seat:  
Lo! the Man, on earth rejected!  
Angels worship at his feet.

Day and night they cry before Him,  
"Holy, holy, holy, LORD!"  
All the powers of heaven adore Him,  
All obey his sovereign word!

## CHORUS.

Then haste, ye Saints, your tribute bring,  
And crown Him everlasting King.

## HYMN LXXXVII.

*Jesus seen of Angels.*—1 Tim. iii. 16.

BEYOND, beyond the starry skies,  
Far as th' eternal plains—  
There in the boundless world of light  
The Great REDEEMER reigns.

The hosts of angels strong and fair,  
In countless armies shine,  
At his right-hand, with golden harps,  
Preferring songs divine.

- 3 Whilst He vouchsaf'd on earth to dwell  
And suffer scorn and pain,  
They cast their honours at his feet,  
And waited in his train.
- 4 Thro' all his travails here below  
They did his steps attend;  
Oft musing how or where at last  
The wond'rous scene would end.
- 5 They saw his Soul, an offering made,  
With love and grief run o'er;  
They saw Him break the bars of death,  
Which none e'er broke before.
- 6 They brought his chariot from above  
To bear Him to his throne,  
Wav'd their triumphant wings, and cried,  
"The glorious work is done."

## HYMN LXXXVIII.

*Jesus Lord of all.*—Phil. ii. 10, 11.

- 1 HAIL, glorious King of Jesse's stem!  
Ye angels, prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him LORD of all.
- 2 Ye highest seraphs, strike the lyre,  
And low in homage fall  
Before his face, who rules your quire,  
And crown Him LORD of all.
- 3 Ye sinners, who your misery feel,  
Attend the SAVIOUR's call;  
His blood has power your sins to heal;  
*O crown him LORD of all!*

- 4 Ye souls redeem'd of Adam's race,  
 Ye ransom'd from the Fall,  
 Hail Him who saves you by his Grace,  
 And crown Him LORD of all.
- 5 Come, every tribe, of every name,  
 That tread this earthly ball,  
 In one harmonious voice proclaim,  
 And crown Him LORD of all.
- 6 Oh! that with yonder heavenly throng  
 We at his feet may fall;  
 Higher, still higher raise the song,  
 And crown Him LORD of all.

## HYMN LXXXIX.

*Christ adored in Heaven.*—Rev. vii. 9. &c.

- 1 O FOR a sweet inspiring ray,  
 To animate our feeble strains,  
 From the bright realms of endless day,  
 Day without night, where JESUS reigns!
- 2 There low before his glorious Throne  
 Adoring Saints and Angels fall,  
 And with delightful worship own  
 His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head;—  
 Again the hallelujahs rise;—  
 And love and joy, and triumph spread  
 Through all the armies of the skies.

- 4 Hereigns!—He pleads!—their heighten'd songs  
 Mount up to rapture, while they gaze;  
 Ten thousand thousand sinless tongues  
 Resound his everlasting praise.

## HYMN XC.

*The Saving Offices of Christ.*—Col. i. 19.

- 1 JOIN all the names of Love and Pow'r,  
 That ever men or angels bore;  
 All are too feeble to set forth  
 IMMANUEL'S joy, IMMANUEL'S worth.
- 2 The Angel of the COVENANT stands,  
 His high commission in his hands,  
 Sent from the FATHER'S gracious Throne  
 To make the great Salvation known.
- 3 My PROPHET! let me bless Thy name,  
 By whom the joyful tidings came  
 Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiv'n,  
 Of hell subdu'd, of peace with heav'n.
- 4 Almighty SHEPHERD! Thou shalt keep  
 My wandering soul among thy sheep:  
 Oh! let me never run astray,  
 Nor follow the forbidden way.
- 5 Thou, LORD, my great HIGH PRIEST hast died;  
 I seek no sacrifice beside:  
 O let thy blood my sins atone,  
 And plead for me before the Throne.
- 6 Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds;  
 The CAPTAIN of SALVATION leads!  
 March on, nor fear to win the day,  
 Though Death and Hell obstruct the way.

## HYMN XCI.

*Christ our Passover glorified.*—1. Cor. v. 7.

1 **PASCHAL \* LAMB**, by **GOD** appointed !

All our sins on Thee were laid ;  
By almighty love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made :  
Every sin may be forgiven  
Through the virtue of thy Blood ;  
Open'd is the gate of Heaven,  
Peace is made for man with God.

2 **JESUS**, hail ! abash'd before Thee,  
Seraphs bright their faces hide ;  
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
Seated at the **FATHER**'s side :  
There for sinners Thou art pleading,  
" Spare them yet another year ;"  
There for Saints art interceding,  
Till in glory they appear.

3 **Worship**, honour, love increasing,  
**CHRIST** is worthy to receive ;  
Loudest praises without ceasing  
Meet it is for us to give :  
Help, ye pure Angelic Spirits,  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,  
Help to sing our **SAVIOUR**'s merits,  
Help to chaunt **IMMANUEL**'s praise.

\* Passover.

## HYMN XCII.

*Jesus the Atoner and Intercessor.*—Heb. i. 3.

- 1       **PREPARE** a thankful song  
          To the **REDEEMER'S** name;  
His praise enliven every tongue,  
And every heart inflame.
- 2       He laid his glories by,  
          And dreadful pains endur'd,  
That guilty rebels doom'd to die,  
          From wrath might be secur'd.
- 3       See! now He pleading stands  
          And shares the **FATHER'S** throne,  
And satisfies the Law's demands  
          With what himself hath done.
- 4       The **HOLY GHOST** He sends,  
          Our stubborn wills to move;  
To make his enemies his friends,  
          And conquer us by Love.
- 5       Oh! may we ne'er refuse  
          So rich unbounded grace,  
Nor Satan's bondage longer choose,  
          But seek the **SAVIOUR'S** face!



## HYMN XCIII.

*The Intercession of Christ.*—Rom. viii. 34.

- 1 **HAIL** the day, that sees Him rise,  
Soaring from our anxious eyes !  
**CHRIST**, awhile to mortals giv'n,  
Now ascends his highest heav'n.
- 2 There the glorious triumph waits ;  
“ Lift your heads, eternal gates ;  
“ Wide unfold the glittering scene ;  
“ Take the King of glory in.”
- 3 Heaven of heavens the **LORD** receives ;  
Yet He loves the earth he leaves ;  
Though returning to his Throne,  
Still he calls mankind his own.
- 4 For his Saints He intercedes ;  
Prevalent his death He pleads ;  
Near himself prepares their place,  
Harbinger \* of human race.
- 5 **SAVIOUR ! LORD !** to Thee we cry,  
On Thy Throne exalted high :  
See thy faithful servants, see  
Always looking up to Thee.
- 6 Grant, though parted from our sight,  
Far above yon azure height,  
Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
Seeking Thee beyond the skies.

\* Forerunner.

## HYMN XCIV.

*Prayer for the Heavenly Canaan.*—Heb. iv. 1.

- 1 **GUIDE** me, O thou great **JEHOVAH** !  
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty ;  
 Hold me with thy powerful hand ;—  
 Bread of Heaven !  
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the chrystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing waters flow ;  
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all the way below :  
 Strong Deliverer !  
 Be Thou still my Light and Shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
 Bear me thro' the swelling current,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :—  
 Endless praises  
**SAVIOUR** ! I will sing to Thee !

## HYMN XCV.

*Joy in the Lord.*—Phil. iv. 4.

- 1 **REJOICE**, the **LORD** is King !  
 Your God and King adore ;  
 Arise, give thanks, and sing,  
 And triumph evermore ;  
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
*Rejoice, ye Saints of God, rejoice.*

- 2 JESUS, the SAVIOUR, reigns,  
The GOD of power and love ;  
He purg'd our mortal stains,  
And takes his throne above :  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, ye Saints of God, rejoice.
- 3 He reigns where Angels dwell ;  
He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;  
The keys of death and hell,  
To CHRIST the LORD are giv'n ;  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, ye Saints of God, rejoice.
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope ;  
The SAVIOUR soon will come,  
And give your joy full scope  
In your eternal home ;  
We soon shall hear th'archangel's voice ;  
The trump of God shall sound, " Rejoice."

### HYMN XCVI.

*The true Believer's Privileges.*—2 Pet. i. 3.

- 1 LORD ! when we creation scan,  
What thy power has done for man,  
LORD ! our conscious tongues agree,  
How much man must owe to Thee.
- 2 Every note that cheers the vale,  
Every sweet that scents the gale,  
Every blooming flower we see,  
Tells, that joy we owe to Thee.

- 3 Every breath that heaves the breast,  
Every sound by voice exprest,  
Every thought the mind sets free,  
Tells, that life we owe to Thee.
- 4 But when we Redemption view,  
Gaze on all thy love could do ;  
LORD ! our grateful hearts agree,  
How much more we owe to Thee.
- 5 When we think what we have been,  
Sunk in sorrow, lost in sin ;  
Now from sin and sorrow free,  
More than joy we owe to Thee.
- 6 When we hear our Master say,  
“ Death is vanquish'd, come away,”  
Then it is that we must see  
More than life we owe to Thee.

## HYMN XCVII.

*Victory over Death.*—1 Cor. xv. 17.

- 1- WHEN Death appears before my sight  
In all his dire array,  
Unequal to the dreadful fight,  
My courage faints away.
- 2 But see my glorious Leader nigh !  
My LORD, my SAVIOUR lives !  
Before Him death's pale terrors fly,  
And my weak heart revives.
- 3 JESUS ! be Thou my sure defence,  
My guard for ever near :  
Then faith shall triumph over sense,  
And never yield to fear.

- 4 LORD ! I commit my soul to Thee :  
Accept the sacred trust ;  
Receive this nobler part of me,  
And raise my sleeping dust :
- 5 When all thy ransom'd hosts shall sing  
The honours of thy Name,  
And Heaven's triumphal arches ring  
With glory to the LAMB.
- 6 O let me join their rapturous lays,  
And with the blissful throng,  
Resound salvation, power, and praise,  
In everlasting song !

## HYMN XCVIII.

*The Dying Christian.*—1 Cor. xv. 54, 55.

- 1 VITAL Spark of heavenly flame !  
Quit, oh ! quit this mortal frame !  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
O the pain, the bliss of dying !  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark ! they whisper ; Angels say,  
" Sister Spirit, come away."—  
What is this absorbs me quite,  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

- 3 The world recedes ; it disappears ;  
 Heaven opens to my eyes, my ears  
 With sounds seraphic ring :—  
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly !  
 “ O Grave ! where is thy victory ?  
 “ O Death ! where is thy sting ?”

## HYMN XCIX.

*Jesus glorified in His Saints.*—2 Thes. i. 10.

- 1 YE Heavens, with sounds of triumph ring ;  
 Ye Angels, burst into a song ;  
 Jesus descends, victorious King,  
 And leads his shining train along.
- 2 Ye saints, that sleep in dust, arise ;  
 Let joy reanimate your clay ;  
 Spring to your SAVIOUR through the skies,  
 And round his Throne your homage pay.
- 3 Then let the sons of Heaven draw nigh,  
 While to th' astonish'd hosts ye tell  
 How feeble mortals rose so high,  
 From graves and worms, from sin and hell.
- 4 Tell them, in accents like their own,  
 What an incarnate God could do ;  
 Then point to Jesus on the Throne,  
 And boast, that Jesus died for you.

HYMN C.

*To depart and to be with Christ.*—Phil. i. 23.

- 1 **TO** JESUS, the Crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone ;  
Oh ! bear me, ye Cherubim up,  
And waft me away to his Throne.
- 2 My SAVIOUR ! whom absent I love,  
Whom not having seen I adore,  
Whose Name is exalted above  
All glory, dominion, and pow'r !
- 3 When that happy era begins,  
When array'd in thy beauties I shine,  
No more shall I grieve by my sins,  
The bosom on which I recline.
- 4 Oh ! then shall the veil be remov'd,  
And round me new glories be pour'd ;  
I shall meet Thee, whom absent I lov'd,  
I shall see whom unseen I ador'd.
- 5 And then never more shall the fears,  
The trials, temptations, and woes,  
Which sadden this valley of tears,  
Intrude on my blissful repose.
- 6 Or be they remember'd above,  
Remembrance no sadness shall raise ;  
They'll be but new signs of thy love,  
New themes for my wonder and praise.
- 7 Then the stroke that from sin and from pain  
Shall set me eternally free,  
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain,  
That binds me, my SAVIOUR, to thee.

HYMN CI.

*Prospect of Heaven.*—Deut. xxxiv. 1—4.

- 1 **THERE** is a Land of pure delight,  
Where saints with Jesus reign,  
Where day prevails unquench'd by night,  
And joy unmix'd with pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers ;  
Death like the Jordan's flood divides  
This heavenly Land from ours.
- 3 Ah ! why should true believers shrink,  
When life's last powers decay ?  
Why linger, trembling on the brink,  
And fear to launch away ?
- 4 This gloom of doubt, O Lord ! remove,  
Let Hope's glad beams arise,  
And show the Canaan, which we love,  
To our unclouded eyes.
- 5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not all the depths of Jordan's flood  
Should daunt us from the shore.

HYMN CII.

*Conformity to Christ.*—Phil. ii. 5.

- 1 **WHENE'ER** the angry passions rise,  
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,  
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,  
*Bright pattern of the Christian life !*



- 2 O how benevolent and kind !  
How mild ! how ready to forgive !  
Be this the temper of our mind ;  
Be this the rule, by which we live.
- 3 To do his Heavenly Father's will  
Was his employment and delight ;  
Humility and holy zeal  
Shone through his life divinely bright !
- 4 Dispensing good, where'er He came,  
The labours of his life were love :  
Come, if we bear the SAVIOUR'S name,  
Our hearts let his example move.
- 5 But ah ! how blind, how weak we are !  
How frail ! how apt to turn aside !  
LORD ! we depend upon thy care,  
And ask thy SPIRIT for our Guide.

### HYMN CIII.

#### *Prayer for Grace.*

- 1 CREATOR SPIRIT ! by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come, visit every humble mind,  
Come, pour thy gifts on all mankind ;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make us temples meet for Thee.
- 2 Hail, Source of uncreated light !  
Illuminate our darken'd sight ;  
Thrice holy fount ! thrice holy fire !  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire :  
Come, and thy sacred Unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing.

- 3 Plenteous in Grace! descend from high,  
 Rich in thy seven-fold energy;  
 Chase from our minds th' infernal Foe,  
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;  
 And, lest again we go astray,  
 Protect and guide us in thy way.
- 4 Immortal honour, endless fame,  
 Attend th' Almighty FATHER's name!  
 Let GOD the SON be glorified,  
 Who for lost man's redemption died!  
 And equal adoration be,  
 Eternal COMFORTER, to Thee!

## HYMN CIV.

*Prayer for enlightening Grace.*—2 Cor. iv. 6.

- 1 **HOLY GHOST!** dispel our sadness,  
 Pierce the clouds of nature's night;  
 Come, thou Source of joy and gladness!  
 Breathe thy life, and spread thy light;  
 Raise us sinners  
 From the power of sin and death.
- 2 Hear, O hear our supplication,  
 Giver of reviving Grace!  
 Rest upon this congregation;  
 With thy presence fill the place:  
 May we ever  
 Feel and own thy heavenly sway!

- 3 O Thou best of consolations,  
God can grant, or man implore,  
Come with healing visitations;  
None can ask, or wish for more :  
God of comfort !  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace.
- 4 Author of our new creation !  
Bid us all thine influence prove ;  
Make our souls thy habitation,  
Shed abroad the SAVIOUR'S love :  
Heavenly Teacher !  
Guide and keep us all our days.

## HYMN CV.

*Prayer for renewing Grace.*—Tit. iii. 5. ▲

- 1 COME, HOLY SPIRIT, come !  
Let thy bright beams arise ;  
Dispel corruption's mournful gloom,  
And cheer our opening eyes.
- 2 Our drooping faith inspire,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our hearts the fire  
Of never-dying love.
- 3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life on every part,  
And new-create the whole.

- 4 Come, LORD,\* in heaven above !  
 Let us thy Temples be ;  
 So shall we know, and praise, and love,  
 The FATHER, SON, and THREE.

## HYMN CVI.

*Lukewarmness lamented.*—Rom. viii. 26.

- 1 COME, HOLY SPIRIT, Heavenly Dove,  
 With all thy quickening powers !  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 See how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these earthly toys ;  
 How lifeless, and at best how slow  
 To grasp eternal joys !
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
 In vain we strive to rise ;  
 Hosannahs languish on our tongues,  
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 In heartless prayer and weak complaint  
 Shall all our days be past ?  
 Our love to Thee, O LORD, so faint,  
 And thine to us so vast !
- 5 Come, HOLY SPIRIT, Heavenly Dove,  
 With all thy quickening powers !  
 Shed in our hearts the SAVIOUR'S love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

\* 2 Cor. iii. 18. The LORD the SPIRIT.

## HYMN CVII.

*Necessity of Sanctification.*—Rom. viii. 8, 9.

- 1 SPIRIT of God! on Thee we call;  
O hear us, and thy gifts impart;  
Lamenting, penitent, we fall;  
Descend into our inmost heart.
- 2 Our own best efforts all are vain;  
SPIRIT of Mercy! set us free;  
Captive to sin we shall remain,  
Till we are sanctified by Thee.
- 3 In time of wealth, protecting Pow'r!  
From pride and worldly snares defend;  
And in affliction's keenest hour,  
Be Thou our Comforter and Friend.
- 4 Vouchsafe to lend a gracious ear,  
And quickly come, Thou heavenly Guest!  
Come, and abide for ever here;—  
Thy Temple is the Christian's breast.

## HYMN CVIII.

*The ever-abiding Spirit.*—John xiv. 16, 17.

FOR WHITSUNDAY.

- 1 SPIRIT of Mercy, Truth, and Love!  
Shed thy sweet influence from above,  
And still from age to age convey  
The wonders of this Sacred Day.
- 2 In every clime, by every tongue,  
Be God's amazing glory sung;  
Through all the listening earth be taught  
The acts our risen REDEEMER wrought.

- 3 Unfailing Comfort ! Heavenly Guide !  
 Still o'er thy favour'd Church preside ;  
 Still may mankind thy blessings prove,  
 Spirit of Mercy, Truth, and Love !

## HYMN CIX.

*The Fountain of Living Water.*—John vi. 10.

- 1 **BLEST** JESUS, Source of Grace divine !  
 What soul-refreshing streams are thine !  
 O bring these healing waters nigh,  
 Or we must droop, and faint, and die.
- 2 No traveller through desert lands,  
 'Mid scorching suns, and burning sands,  
 More eager longs for cooling rain,  
 Or pants the current to obtain.
- 3 Our anxious souls aloud would sing ;  
 " Spring up, Celestial Fountain, spring ;  
 " To a redundant river flow,  
 " And cheer the thirsty land below."
- 4 May this sweet stream be near my side,  
 And through the desert gently glide !  
 Then, in IMMANUEL's land above,  
 Spread to a sea of joy and love.

## HYMN CX.

*Prayer for Christ's Kingdom on Earth.*—Isa. ix. 6.

- 1 **COME**, Thou long expected JESUS !  
 Born to set thy people free ;  
 From our sins and fears release us,  
 Let us find our rest in Thee.

- 2 Come, thy children to deliver,  
Born a Child, yet God and King :  
Come and reign in us for ever,  
To our hearts thy kingdom bring.
- 3 Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the earth Thou art :  
The desire of every nation,  
Joy of every contrite heart.
- 4 By thine all sufficient merit,  
Raise on earth thy promis'd throne ;  
Rule by thine eternal SPIRIT,  
Rule in all the world alone.

## HYMN CXI.

*Fulness of Jews and Gentiles.*—Rom. xi. 23, 24.

- 1 GREAT God of Abraham ! hear our pray'r,  
Let Abraham's seed thy mercy share :  
Oh ! may they now at length return,  
And look on Him they pierc'd, and mourn.
- 2 Though outcasts still estrang'd from Thee,  
Cut off from their own olive tree,  
Why should they longer such remain ?  
For Thou canst graft them in again.
- 3 LORD ! put thy law within their hearts,  
And write it in their inward parts :  
The veil of darkness rend in two,  
Which hides MESSIAH from their view.
- 4 Oh ! haste the day, foretold so long,  
When Greek and Jew, a glorious throng,  
One House shall seek, one prayer shall pour,  
And one REDEEMER shall adore.

## HYMN CXII.

*Jehovah, her Shepherd.*—Ezek. xxxiv. 23—25.

- 1 **JEHOVAH** is our Shepherd's name ;  
Then what have we, though weak, to fear ?  
Our sin and folly we proclaim,  
If we despond, while He is near.
- 2 When Satan threatens to devour,  
When troubles press on every side ;  
Think of our Shepherd's care and pow'r ;  
He can defend, He will provide.
- 3 See the rich pastures of his grace,  
Where in full streams salvation flows ;  
There He appoints our resting-place,  
And we may feed secure from foes.
- 4 There 'mid the flock the Shepherd dwells ;  
The sheep around in safety lie ;  
The wolf in vain with malice swells,  
For He protects them with his eye.
- 5 **SAVIOUR** ! if I am one of Thine ;  
From anxious thoughts I would be free ;  
To trust, and love, and serve is mine ;  
The care of all belongs to Thee.

**PSALM CXIX.** Verses 129, 67, 71, 72, 174.

*Benefit of Affliction.*

- 1 **O HOW** I love thy holy Word,  
Thy gracious Covenant, O **LORD** !  
It guides me in the peaceful way,  
*It leads to realms of endless day.*
-



- 2 What is the pomp of power and wealth,  
The strength of youth, the bloom of health?  
What are all joys compar'd with those  
Thine everlasting-Word bestows?
- 3 Long unaffected, undismay'd,  
In folly's path secure I stray'd:  
At length Thou mad'st me feel thy rod,  
And straight I turn'd to Thee, my God.
- 4 What though it pierc'd my fainting heart?  
I bless the hand that caus'd the smart;  
It taught my tears awhile to flow,  
But sav'd me from eternal woe.
- 5 I praise thee, O my gracious God!  
And sigh for thy sublime abode,  
Where, in thy presence fully blest,  
Thy ransom'd saints for ever rest.

## PSALM LXXXVI.

*Trust in God under Affliction.*

- 1 **RECEIVE, O LORD!** my mournful suit,  
Thy gracious ear incline;  
Hear me distress'd, and destitute  
Of all relief but thine.
- 2 Hear me, who daily Thee invoke,  
My God! thy succour lend;  
Comfort my soul beneath this stroke;  
To Thee my hopes ascend.

- 3 Thou, LORD, art good, and when we fall,  
 Thy pardoning love is nigh,  
 And plenteous mercy still to all,  
 Who for that mercy cry.
- 4 LORD! teach me in thy way to go,  
 From sin and error free;  
 Fear of thy sacred Name bestow;  
 Oh! knit my heart to thee!
- 5 Praise on my lips, and praise within  
 My soul for ever dwell!  
 Redeem'd by thee, when lost in sin;  
 Redeem'd from depths of Hell.

## PSALM XLII.

*The Same.*

- 1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep  
 Where wave resounds to wave;—  
 Though o'er my head the billows roll,  
 I know the LORD can save.
- 2 The hand that now withholds my joys  
 Can yet restore my peace;  
 And He who bade the tempest roar,  
 Can bid the tempest cease.
- 3 In darkest watches of the night  
 I count his mercies o'er!  
 I'll praise him for ten thousand past  
 And humbly sue for more.

- 4 When darkness and when sorrows rose,  
And press'd on every side,  
The LORD has still sustain'd my steps,  
And still has been my guide.
- 5 Here will I rest and build my hopes,  
Nor murmur at thy rod,  
O, more than all the world to me,—  
My SAVIOUR and my God !

## PSALM LVII.

*Thankfulness in Affliction.*

- 1 **THY** mercy, Lord ! to me extend ;  
On Thee alone my hopes depend ;  
Thy sheltering wings around me cast,  
Until this storm be overpast.
- 2 My heart, O God, my heart is fix'd ;  
My tears with holy joy are mix'd ;  
And with the heart my voice I raise  
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.
- 3 Awake, my glory ; \* harp and lute,  
No longer let your strings be mute ;  
Haste, all my powers, your parts to take ;  
With early dawn, my soul, awake.
- 4 Thy praises, LORD, I will resound  
To all the listening nations round ;  
Thy mercy heaven itself transcends,  
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- \* The tongue ;—which *thus* employed, is the glory  
of the human frame.

- 5 Be Thou, O God ! exalted high ;  
 And as thy glory fills the sky,  
 So let it be on earth display'd,  
 Till Thou art here, as there, obey'd.

## PSALM XVIII.

*Trust in God under Persecution.*

- BLEST object of my soul's desire !  
 On Thee my steadfast hope I build ;  
 To Thee my grateful thoughts aspire,  
 My God, my Rest, my Rock, my Shield.
- 2 To Thee, my Tower, my Strength, I'll pray :  
 What foes shall then my terror raise ?  
 What bands combin'd my heart dismay,  
 While thus I yield my debt of praise ?
- 3 Death arm'd with terrors, Hell with woes,  
 Around me cast their dismal shade,  
 While floods of high temptation rose,  
 And made my fainting soul afraid.
- 4 To heaven I made my mournful prayer ;  
 To God address'd my humble moan ;—  
 " Save, or I sink ;"—He lent his ear,  
 And heard me from his lofty Throne.

## PSALM LVI.

*Fear of Man subdued.*

- 1 GOD counts the sorrows of his Saints,  
 Their secret groans He hears ;  
 He hath a book for our complaints,  
 And treasures up our tears.

- 2 When to his throne I raise my cry,  
The wicked fear and flee :  
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,  
So near is God to me.
- 3 On Thee, most Holy, Just, and True,  
I have repos'd my trust ;  
Nor will I fear what man can do,  
The offspring of the dust.
- 4 Thy solemn vows are on me, LORD ;  
Thou shalt receive my praise ;  
I'll sing, " How faithful is thy word,  
" How righteous all thy ways !"
- 5 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death,  
And set thy prisoner free ;  
That heart, and hand, and life, and breath  
May be employ'd for Thee.

## PSALM III.

*God a firm Support against Enemies.*

- 1 O HOW my bitter foes increase !  
How fast my troubles rise !  
To thee, the sacred Spring of peace,  
My weary spirit flies.
- 2 Their thicken'd ranks awake my fears,  
Whose tongues exulting boast ;  
" No heavenly aid for him appears,  
" And all his hopes are lost."

- 3 But Thou, my Glory and my Shield,  
Wilt all their rage control ;  
A strong defence thine arm shall yield,  
And raise my drooping soul.
- 4 What though ten thousand foes in arms,  
Presumptuous standards rear,  
And war resound his dire alarms ?  
I will not yield to fear.
- 5 Salvation, LORD, is thine alone ;  
And all thy saints shall find  
The bliss my thankful heart has known—  
A God for ever kind.

## PSALM XLIII.

*Prayer for Deliverance from wicked Men.*

- 1 JUDGE of all the world, give ear ;  
Gracious ADVOCATE, appear ;  
Save me from th' ungodly throng,  
Sons of violence and wrong.
- 2 Let thy light attend my way ;  
Guide me by its steady ray ;  
To thy hill direct my feet,  
Bring me to thy hallow'd seat.
- 3 To thy holy Altar there,  
Grateful offerings I will bear ;  
And thy mercies there reveal'd  
Themes of ceaseless joy shall yield.
- 4 Thanks to Thee I there will pay,  
O my God, in endless day !  
Praise shall wake my heaven-taught lyre,  
*Love its sweetest notes inspire.*

- 5 Why, my soul, why thus cast down ?  
Wherefore shouldst thou fear His frown ?  
Hope and joy in strength divine ;  
Hope, for God in CHRIST is mine !\*

PSALM CXXXI.

*Humility illustrated.*

- 1 LORD ! if Thou the Grace impart,  
Poor in spirit, meek in heart ;  
I shall as my Master be,  
Rooted in humility.
- 2 From the time that Thee I know,  
Nothing great I seek below ;  
Pleas'd with all the LORD provides,  
Wean'd from all the world besides.
- 3 Simple, teachable, and mild,  
Humble as the new-wean'd child,  
Every evil let me flee ;  
FATHER ! fix my soul on Thee.
- 4 O that all may seek, and find  
Every good in JESUS join'd !  
Him let Israel still adore ;  
Trust Him, praise Him evermore.

PSALM XLI.

*Charity to the Poor.*

- 1 BLEST Saint ! whose faith with pity glows,  
Who learns to feel another's woes,  
Who to the poor man's want gives ear,  
And wipes the helpless orphan's tear !

\* 1 Cor. iii. 22.

- 2 Blest in his turn with kind relief  
In time to soothe each anxious grief,  
In every want, in every woe  
Himself thy pity, LORD, shall know.
- 3 Thy care his life shall guard and guide,  
Thy blessings on his path abide,  
Nor leave him in the dreadful day  
To unrelenting foes a prey.
- 4 When languid with disease and pain,  
Thou, LORD, his spirit wilt sustain ;  
Thine arm shall raise his sinking head,  
And make in sickness all his bed.

## PSALM CXXXIII.

*Blessings of Union.*

- 1 **HOW** vast must their advantage be,  
How great their pleasure prove,  
Who live as brethren, and unite  
In offices of love !
- 2 Their love is like that precious oil,  
Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,  
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes  
Its holy fragrance shed.
- 3 'Tis like refreshing dew, whose sweets  
On Hermon's top distil,  
Or fall in pearly drops around  
Fair Zion's fruitful hill.
- 4 Blest Zion ! God's beloved seat !  
Where Heaven's Almighty King  
Hath fix'd the treasures of his Grace,  
And Life's eternal spring.



## PSALM CVI.

*Communion of Saints.*

- 1 **O** RENDER thanks to God above,  
The fountain of eternal love ;  
Whose mercy firm through ages past  
Hath stood, and stands for ever fast.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,  
His gifts as great as numberless ?  
What mortal eloquence can raise  
His tribute of immortal praise ?
- 3 To me thy promis'd favour, LORD,  
Among thy chosen flock afford :  
When Thou return'st to set them free,  
Let thy salvation visit me.
- 4 O may I reach thy heavenly rest,  
And see thy saints completely blest ;  
Joy with their joy, their praises join,  
And count thy people's triumph mine !

## PSALM XV.

*The Character of a Religious Man.*

- 1 **WHO** shall to thy chosen seat  
Turn with glad approach his feet ?  
Who great God, a welcome guest,  
On thy hallow'd mountain rest ?
- 2 He, whose heart thy love hath warm'd ;  
He, whose will to thine conform'd,  
Bids his life unsullied run ;  
He, whose thought, and word are one ;

- 3 He, who ne'er, with cruel aim,  
Seeks to wound a brother's fame ;  
Nor with gloomy joy possest,  
Dares a brother's peace molest ;
- 4 Who, from servile terror free,  
Turns from those, who turn from Thee ;  
And to each, who Thee obeys,  
Self-abas'd due reverence pays :
- 5 He, who rests on Grace alone,  
When his goodness most hath shone ;—  
He, Great God, shall be thy care,  
And thy constant presence share.

## PSALM CXIX.

*Devotedness to God's Commands.*

- 1 WITH my whole heart I seek Thy face,  
O let me never stray  
From Thy commands, O God of Grace,  
Nor tread the sinner's way.
- 2 Securely in my bosom laid  
Thy Word my treasure rests,  
To succour me with timely aid,  
When sinful thought infests.
- 3 I hold sweet converse with the Saints,  
Who fear and love the LORD :  
My sorrows rise, my spirit faints,  
When men transgress Thy word.
- 4 Oh ! that Thy statutes ev'ry hour  
I may recall to mind !  
Thence I derive a quickening pow'r,  
*There peace in CHRIST I find.*

PSALM XXXIII.

*Praise becomes real Christians.*

- 1 YE righteous, in the LORD rejoice ;  
To GOD your voices raise ;  
It well becomes the righteous soul  
To sing new songs of praise.
- 2 By his almighty word on high  
The heavenly arch was rear'd,  
And all the beauteous hosts of light  
At his command appear'd.
- 3 The LORD on those, that hope in Him,  
Looks down with gracious eyes ;  
His mercy frees their souls from death,  
And all their wants supplies.
- 4 Our souls on GOD with patience wait,  
Our shield, our hiding-place ;  
REDEEMING GOD ! our hearts rejoice,  
Confiding in Thy love.
- 5 The riches of thy mercy, LORD,  
Do Thou to us extend ;  
Since we, for all we want, or wish,  
On Thee alone depend.

PSALM CXXXVI.

*Praise for Creation and Redemption.*

- 1 GIVE to our GOD immortal praise,  
Still mercy reigns in all his ways ;  
Wonders of Grace to GOD belong ;  
Repeat his mercies in your song !

- 2 He fills the Sun with morning light ;  
He bids the Moon direct the night ;  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When Sun and Moon shall shine no more.
- 3 He sent his CHRIST with power to save  
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :  
Wonders of Grace to God belong ;  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 Through this vain world He guides our feet,  
And leads us to his heavenly seat :  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When this vain world shall be no more.

## PSALM CIV.

*God praised for his Works.*

- 1 THE glory of God  
Shall ever appear ;  
God may in his works  
Most justly rejoice ;  
Let earth pay Him homage  
By trembling with fear,  
Let men sing his praises,  
And bow to his voice.
- 2 To God through his SON  
My song will I raise ;  
In Jesus rejoice,  
While life shall remain ;  
The life He has given  
Expend in his praise,  
Who ne'er will my service,  
Though worthless, disdain.

- 3     The hopes of the proud  
       In terrors expire ;  
       Th' ungodly at last  
       Shall perish with shame ;  
    Praise God, O my spirit,  
       With heavenly desire,  
    And sing, all ye faithful,  
       Sing praise to His Name !

PSALM CXXXVI.

*Praise for Creation.*

- 1   **LIFT** your voice and thankful sing,  
    Praise to Heaven's eternal King ;  
    Praise the LORD, who thron'd on high  
    By his wisdom built the sky ;  
       For his blessings far extend,  
       And his mercy knows no end :
- 2   Who in caves the watery deep  
    Far beneath the earth to sleep,  
    And the planets round the pole  
    Bade in boundless space to roll :  
       For "his blessings," &c.
- 3   Sun ! whose heav'n-created ray  
    Rules the empire of the day ;  
    Moon and Stars ! whose milder light  
    Breaks the shadows of the night ;  
       Sing, "his blessings," &c.
- 4   On our sorrows from on high,  
    God with pity cast an eye ;  
    Be the King of kings ador'd !  
    All ye nations, praise the LORD !  
       For "his blessings," &c.

## PSALM CXLVI.

*Creation, Providence, and Grace.*

- 1 **HAPPY** the man, whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God, who made the sky,  
And earth and seas with all their train :  
He saves th' opprest ; He feeds the poor ;  
His truth for ever stands secure,  
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 2 The **LORD** to sight restores the blind ;  
The **LORD** relieves the guilty mind ;  
The **LORD** vouchsafes the mourner peace ;  
Succours the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 3 He dooms unholy souls to hell ;  
He bids his saints in glory dwell ;—  
Praise Him in everlasting strains :  
Let every tongue, let every age  
In this exalted work engage ;  
Thy God, O **ZION**, ever reigns.
- 4 I'll praise Him, while He lends me breath,  
And, when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs ;  
My day of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

## PSALM CIII.

*Providence and Redemption.*

- 1 MY soul, inspir'd with purest love,  
God's holy name for ever bless ;  
Of all his favours mindful prove ;  
And all within me, thanks express.
- 2 He cures the pains which nature feels ;  
Redeems our lives from threatening graves ;  
The mind's inbred corruption heals ;  
From Hell the contrite sinner saves.
- 3 Our strength decay'd his goodness cheers ;  
He satisfies our mouths with good ;  
His mercy crowns our growing years ;  
He fills our souls with heavenly food.
- 4 The LORD abounds with tender love,  
And unexampled acts of grace ;  
His waken'd terrors slowly move ;  
His willing mercy flies apace.
- 5 As high as heaven its arch suspends,  
So great his love to them that pray ;  
As far as East from West extends  
So far He puts our sins away.
- 6 Praise ye the LORD, celestial train ;  
Praise ye the LORD, his hosts below ;  
Praise thou the LORD, my soul again ;  
From all his works let praises flow.

## PSALM CXVIII.

*Universal Praise.—(A Missionary Psalm.)*

- 1 **FROM** all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the **CREATOR'S** praise arise ;  
Let the **REDEEMER'S** name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, **LORD** ;  
Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Your loftiest themes, ye mortals, bring !  
In songs of praise divinely sing :  
The great salvation loud proclaim,  
And shout for joy the **SAVIOUR'S** Name.
- 4 In every land begin the song ;  
To every land the strains belong ;  
In cheerful sounds all voices raise  
And let the world be fill'd with praise.

## PSALM CXLVIII.

*The same.*

- 1 **BEGIN**, my soul, th' exalted lay,  
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,  
And praise th' **ALMIGHTY'S** name :  
Lo ! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,  
In one melodious concert rise  
To swell th' inspiring theme.



- 2 Ye Angels, catch the thrilling sound,  
While all th' adoring thrones around  
His boundless mercy sing;  
Let every listening Saint above  
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,  
And touch the sweetest string.
- 3 Let every element rejoice;  
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice  
To Him, who bids you roll;  
His praise in softer notes declare,  
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,  
And breathe it to the soul.
- 4 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,  
The feeling heart, the judging head  
In praise divine employ;  
Spread his tremendous name around,  
Till Heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,  
The general burst of joy.

## PSALM CL.

*The same.*

- 1 PRAISE the LORD, ye heavens adore him,  
Praise Him, Angels, in the height,  
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,  
Praise Him, all ye stars and light;  
Praise the LORD, for He hath spoken;  
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd;  
Laws that never shall be broken,  
For their guidance He has made.

- 2 Praise the LORD, for He is glorious;  
 Never shall his promise fail;  
 GOD hath made his Saints victorious,  
 Sin and Death shall not prevail:  
 Praise the GOD of our salvation;  
 Hosts on high, his power proclaim;  
 Heaven, and Earth, and all Creation,  
 Laud and magnify his name.

PSALM CL.

*The same.*

- 1 PRAISE the LORD, who reigns above,  
 And keeps his courts below;  
 Praise the holy GOD of love,  
 And all his greatness show:  
 Praise Him for his noble deeds,  
 Praise Him for his matchless pow'r;  
 Him, from whom all good proceeds,  
 Let heaven and earth adore.
- 2 Publish, spread to all around  
 The great IMMANUEL's name;  
 Let the trumpet's martial sound  
 The LORD of Hosts proclaim:  
 Praise Him every tuneful string,  
 All the reach of heavenly art;  
 All the powers of music bring,  
 The music of the heart.
- 3 Him, in whom they move and live,  
 Let every creature sing;  
 Glory to their MAKER give,  
 And homage to their King:

Hallow'd be his name beneath,  
As in heaven, on earth ador'd :  
Praise the LORD in every breath ;  
Let all things praise the LORD.

## PSALM CXXI.

*Divine Protection.*

- 1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,  
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies ;  
Thence all her help my soul derives ;  
There my Almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives—the everlasting LORD,  
That built the sky, the ocean pour'd ;  
The heavens with all their hosts He plann'd,  
And earth still shows her MAKER's hand.
- 3 He guides our feet, He guards our way,  
His morning-smiles cheer all the day ;  
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps  
The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely blest,  
May rise secure, securely rest :—  
Thy Guardian's ever-watchful eyes  
Admit no slumber nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,  
No pallid moon with sickly ray  
Shall blast thy couch, nor baleful star  
Dart his malignant fire so far.

- 6 O'er thee foul spirits gain no power;  
And at thy last departing hour,  
Angels, that trace the airy road,  
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

## PSALM CXVI.

*Deliverence from Sickness or Trouble.*

- 1 RETURN, my soul, and sweetly rest  
On thy Almighty FATHER's breast;  
The bounties of his grace adore,  
And count his wondrous mercies o'er.
- 2 Thy mercy, LORD! preserv'd my breath,  
And snatch'd my fainting soul from death,  
Remov'd my sorrows, dried my tears,  
And sav'd me from surrounding fears.
- 3 What shall I render to the LORD?  
Or how his plenteous Grace record!  
To him my grateful voice I'll raise  
In songs of gladness to his praise.
- 4 His crowded courts shall see me pay  
The vows of my distressful day:—  
In life, in death, the Saints shall find  
Their SAVIOUR-GOD for ever kind.

## PSALM XXXIV.

*Praise for Deliverence.*

- 1 O LORD! my Life, my End, my Way!  
Thee will I praise from day to day;  
From morn to eve the song extend;  
And boast of Thee, my only Friend.

! Come then, your voice triumphant raise,  
And sing with me your MAKER'S praise :  
The LORD is good :—O taste and prove  
The blessings of his boundless love.

Hail, SAVIOUR of the human race !  
Hail, Fountain of eternal grace !  
Thrice happy, who on Thee recline,  
Nor own, nor ask a help but Thine.

'Tis Thine our souls from woes to free ;  
Nor shall revolving ages see  
The man, whose hope on Thee is laid,  
Neglected mourn thine absent aid.

## HYMN CXIII.

*The Nature of the Godhead.*—John iv. 24.

HAIL, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
MYSTERIOUS ONE IN THREE !  
Of Thee we make our joyful boast,  
Our songs we make of Thee.

! Thou neither canst be felt nor seen ;  
Thou art a Spirit pure ;  
Thou from eternity hast been,  
And always shalt endure.

! Present alike in every place,  
Thy Godhead we adore ;  
Beyond the bounds of time and space  
Thou dwell'st for evermore.

- 4 Wisdom unsearchable Thou art,  
Thine eyes all creatures see ;  
For every thought of every heart .  
Is fully known to Thee.
- 5 And Thou art Love ! for JESUS died,  
The LORD for sinners slain ;  
Love bids our heart in Thee confide,  
In Thee Salvation gain.

## HYMN CXIV.

*Praise to the Trinity.*—Eph. ii. 18.

- 1 WE praise Thee, FATHER, and thy love !  
The heavenly source, to which we owe  
The hopes of boundless joy above,  
And rills of comfort here below !
- 2 We praise Thee, glorious SON of GOD !  
Whose love the Book of heaven unrolls,\*  
And opens through atoning Blood,  
Truth, pardon, life for dying souls.
- 3 We give Thee, Sacred SPIRIT ! praise,  
Who in our hearts of sin and woe  
The springs of Grace art sent to raise,  
That on to full salvation flow.
- 4 Thus GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
And GOD the SPIRIT we adore,  
To whom be endless honour done,  
Till time itself shall be no more,

\* Rev. v. 9.

HYMN CXV.

*The Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier.*

Mat. xxviii. 19.

- 1 **FATHER!** in whom we live,  
In whom we are, and move;  
The glory, power, and praise receive  
For thy creating love.
- 2 **INCARNATE DEITY!**  
Let all thy ransom'd race  
Employ their lives in thanks to Thee  
For thy redeeming grace.
- 3 **SPIRIT of Holiness!**  
Let all thy saints adore  
Thy sacred gifts, and join to bless  
Thy heart-renewing pow'r.
- 4 The joy on man bestow'd,  
Ye heavenly choirs, proclaim,  
And cry, "Salvation to our God  
"Salvation to the LAMB!"

HYMN CXVI.

*The Glory of the Trinity.*—Isaiah vi. 3.

- 1 **GLORY** be to God on high!  
God, whose glory fills the sky!  
Peace on Earth, and man forgiven!  
Man the well-belov'd of Heaven!

**145**     **TRINITY SEASON.—THE TRINITY.**

- 2 **SOVEREIGN FATHER !** heavenly King !  
Thee we now presume to sing,  
Glad thine attributes confess,  
Glorious all and numberless.
- 3 **Hail,** by all thy works ador'd !  
**Hail,** the everlasting **LORD !**  
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,  
**LORD** of Power, and **GOD** of Love !
- 4 **HOLY SPIRIT !** Thee we own ;  
Thee, O **CHRIST**, the only **SON ;**  
**LAMB** of **GOD**, the Victim slain,  
Man to save from endless pain.

**HYMN CXVII.**

*The Three Persons in One Godhead.*

John xvi. 13—16.

- 1        **TO GOD** the **FATHER** yield  
Immortal praise and love,  
For all our comforts here,  
And better hopes above :  
          He sent his own  
          Eternal Son  
          To die for man  
          By sin undone.
- 2 **To GOD** th' **Eternal SON**  
Let praise immortal flow,  
Who bought us with his blood  
From everlasting woe ;



And now on high  
He lives and reigns,  
And sees the fruit  
Of all his pains.

3 To God the HOLY GHOST  
Immortal honours give,  
Whose new-creating pow'r  
Makes the dead sinner live ;  
His work completes  
The great design,  
And fills the soul  
With joy divine.

4 Immortal praise to Thee  
O FATHER, SPIRIT, SON ;  
The sacred Persons three,  
The Power and Godhead one :—  
Where Reason fails  
With all her pow'rs,  
There Faith prevails,  
And Love adores.

### HYMN CXVIII.

#### *Prayer to the Trinity.*

1 FATHER of heaven, whose love profound  
A ransom for our souls hath found !  
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
To us thy pardoning Love extend.

2 Almighty SON ! Incarnate WORD !  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord !  
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
To us thy saving Grace extend.

**147**     TRINITY SEASON.—THE TRINITY.

- 3 Eternal SPIRIT, by whose breath  
The soul is rais'd from sin and death !  
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
Te us thy quickening Power extend.
- 4 JEHOVAH,—FATHER, SPIRIT, SON !—  
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !  
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;  
Grace, Pardon, Life to us extend.

**HYMN CXIX.**

*To God and the Lamb.*—Rev. v. 12, 13.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With Angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are there tongues,  
Their theme of praise is one.
- 2 " Worthy the LAMB, that died," the cry,  
" To be exalted thus :  
" Worthy the LAMB," our lips reply,  
" For he was slain for us."
- 3 JESUS is worthy to receive  
All praise and power divine :—  
More honour far than we can give,  
Be, LORD ! for ever thine.
- 4 All creatures, make his glories known ;  
Adore the sacred Name  
*Of Him, who sits upon the throne,  
And bow before the LAMB.*

## HYMN CXX.

*Lovest thou me?—John xxi. 15—17.*

- 1 **HARK.** my soul! it is the **LORD**;  
'Tis thy **SAVIOUR**; hear his word:  
**JESUS** speaks, and speaks to thee;  
“Tell me, sinner, lov’st thou me?”
- 2 “I deliver’d thee when bound,  
“And when wounded, heal’d thy wound,  
“Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
“Turn’d thy darkness in light.
- 3 “Can a woman’s tender care  
“Cease towards the child she bare?  
“Yes, she may forgetful be,  
“Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 “Mine is an unchanging love,  
“Higher than the heights above,  
“Deeper than the depths beneath,  
“Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 “Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
“When the work of grace is done;  
“Witness of my bliss shalt be:—  
“Say then, sinner, lov’st thou me?”—
- 6 **LORD!** it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak, and faint;  
Yet I love Thee and adore;  
*O for grace to love Thee more!*

- THE HAPPINESS OF THE SOUL.—  
1 **THOU** only Sovereign of my heart,  
My SAVIOUR, my Almighty Friend !  
And can my soul from Thee depart,  
On whom alone my hopes depend ?
- 2 Whither, ah ! whither shall I go,  
A wretched wanderer from my LORD ?  
Can this dark world of sin and woe  
Apart from Thee one gleam afford ?
- 3 Thy name my inmost powers adore ;  
Thou art my Life, my Joy, my Care :  
Depart from me,—'tis death,—'tis more,  
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine ;  
While Thou art near, in vain they call ;  
One smile. one blissful smile of Thine.

## HYMN CXXII.

*Part of the Lord's Prayer paraphrased.*

- 1 **FATHER** of all, Eternal Mind,  
In uncreated light enshrin'd,  
Most holy, good, and great !  
Thy children form'd anew by Thee,  
With filial love, through **JESUS** we  
Fall prostrate at thy feet.
- 2 Thy Name in hallow'd strains be sung ;  
Let every heart and every tongue  
The solemn concert join :  
In loving, serving, praising Thee  
We find our chief felicity,  
But cannot add to Thine.
- 3 Thy righteous, mild, and glorious reign,  
Throughout Creation's ample plain,  
Let countless Beings own :  
**LORD**, in our hearts, where passions rude  
With fierce tumultuous rage intrude,  
Erect thy peaceful throne.
- 4 As Angels round thy seat above,  
With joyful haste, and ardent love,  
Thy blest commands fulfil ;  
So let thy creatures here below,  
As far as Thou hast given to know,  
Perform thy sacred will.

HYMN CXXIII.

*Prayer for Divine Love.*—John xiv. 23.

- 1 **LOVE** divine, all " gifts excell'g,"  
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;  
 Fix in us thy happy dwelling,  
 God's redeeming mercies crown :—  
 Thou, O Israel's consolation !  
 JESUS, Love divine thou art ;  
 Visit us with thy salvation ;  
 Enter Thou the contrite heart.
  
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy quickening SPIRIT  
 Into every troubled breast ;  
 Let us all thy grace inherit,  
 Find in Thee the promis'd rest :  
 Take from us all love of sinning,  
 And our present SAVIOUR be ;  
 End of Faith, as its beginning,  
 Set our hearts at liberty.
  
- 3 What from Thee our souls can sever ?  
 Source of Life, to Thee we cleave ;  
 Come, abide with us, and never,  
 Never more thy temples leave ;  
 Thee we would be always blessing,  
 Glory in thy precious love,  
 Serve Thee, all thy claims confessing,  
 Serve Thee, as thine hosts above.

- 4 Finish then our new creation ;  
Pure, unspotted may we be ;  
May we know thy full salvation,  
Perfectly renew'd by Thee ;  
Living only to adore Thee,  
Till in heaven our song we raise,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

## HYMN CXXIV.

*The Christian Warrior.*—Rev. ii. 10.

- 1 **HARK !** 'tis our Heavenly Leader's voice,  
From his triumphant seat,  
'Midst all the world's tumultuous noise  
How powerful and how sweet !
- 2 " Fight on, my faithful band," he cries,  
" Nor fear the mortal blow ;  
" Who first in such a warfare dies,  
" Shall speediest victory know."
- 3 " I have my days of combat known,  
" And in the dust was laid ;  
" I rose, I mounted to my throne,  
" And glory crowns my head.
- 4 " My throne,\* my glory you shall share ;  
" My hands the crown shall give ;  
" And you th' unfading honours wear,  
" While God himself shall live."

\* Rev. iii. 21.

- 5 LORD ! 'tis enough ; our bosoms swell  
 With courage, and with love :  
 Vain are th' assaults of earth and hell ;  
 Our hopes are fix'd above.

## HYMN CXXV.

*The watchful Servant of Jesus.*—Luke xii. 35—38.

- 1 YE servants of the LORD,  
 Each in his office wait,  
 Observant of his heavenly word,  
 And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
 And trim the golden flame ;  
 Gird up your loins, as in his sight,  
 For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch !—'tis your LORD's command,  
 And while we speak, He's near ;  
 Watch the first signal of His hand,  
 And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,  
 In waiting posture found !  
 He shall his LORD with rapture see,  
 And be with honour crown'd.
- 5 CHRIST shall the banquet spread  
 With his own royal hand,  
 And raise that faithful servant's head  
*Amid th' angelic band.*



## HYMN CXXVI.

*The Christian Pilgrim.*—Heb. xi. 13—16.

- 1 **O THOU**, to whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shines as noon-day light !  
Try, search, and prove my treacherous heart,  
And bid the power of sin depart.
- 2 As through this vale of tears I stray,  
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way ;  
No foes, no evil need I fear,  
If Thou, my LORD, my GOD art near.
- 3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my strength in waves of woe,  
SAVIOUR ! thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 4 Teach me where'er thy steps I see,  
Dauntless untir'd to follow Thee ;  
If rough and thorny be the way,  
My strength proportion to my day.
- 5 Uphold and guide me by thy hand  
To heavenly Canaan's happy Land,  
The Land, where sin and death shall cease,  
The Land of rest, and joy, and peace.

## HYMN CXXVII.

*Watchfulness implored.*—Matt. xxvi. 41.

- 1 **GRACIOUS REDEEMER !** shake  
This slumber from my soul ;  
Say to me now, " Awake, awake !

- 2    Stretch forth thy mighty hand,  
     Alarm me in this hour,  
     And make me fully understand  
     The wonders of thy pow'r.
- 3    Rouse me on Thee to call,  
     To strive, and watch, and pray,  
     Into temptation lest I fall,  
     And cast my shield away.
- 4    For each assault prepar'd,  
     And faithful may I be,  
     Each moment standing on my guard,  
     And looking up to Thee !
- 5    My soul to Thee alone,  
     For ever I commend :—  
     My SAVIOUR ! love me as thine own,  
     And love me to the end.

## HYMN CXXVIII.

*The good Fight of Faith.*—2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.

- 1    JESUS, the Conqueror reigns,  
     In glorious strength array'd,  
     His kingdom over all maintains,  
     And bids the earth be glad,
- 2    Ye sons of men rejoice  
     In his unerring love ;  
     Lift up your heart, lift up your voice  
     To Him who rules above.
- 3    Extol his kingly pow'r,  
     Adore th' exalted Son,  
     Who died, and lives to die no more,  
     " A Priest upon his throne."

- 4 'Tis there with God He pleads,  
 Redeeming all our loss,  
 And on the earth triumphant spreads  
 The victory of his Cross.
- 5 Watch every bosom-foe,  
 And in your Captain's might,  
 Fight the good fight of faith below,  
 Soldiers of JESUS, fight!
- 6 See there the starry crown,  
 That glitters through the skies!  
 Sin, Satan, and the World tread down,  
 And grasp the glorious prize.

## HYMN CXXIX.

*Trust in Christ alone.*—Matt ii. 28.

- 1 **APPROACH**, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
 Where JESUS answers prayer;  
 Still humbly bow before his feet;  
 For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea;  
 With this I venture nigh:  
 Thou callest weary souls to Thee,  
 And such, O LORD, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down with grief, and guilt, and sin,  
 By Satan's yoke oppress'd,  
 Fightings without and fears within,  
 I fly to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my shield, my hiding-place,  
 That shelter'd near thy side,  
 I may the fierce Accuser face,  
 And tell him, "Thou hast died!"

- 5 O wondrous love ! to bleed and die,  
 To bear the pain and shame,  
 That guilty sinners such as I  
 Might plead thy saving Name !

## HYMN CXXX.

*Prayer under Temptations.*—1 Peter i. 5.

- 1 **HELP, LORD !** to whom for help I fly !  
 And still my tempted soul stand by,  
 Throughout the evil day ;  
 A sacred watchfulness impart,  
 And “ keep the issues of my heart,”  
 And stir me up to pray.
- 2 My soul with all thy armour arm :  
 In each approach of sin alarm,  
 And show the danger near ;  
 Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,  
 And fill with godly jealousy,  
 And sanctifying fear.
- 3 Whene’er my careless hands hang down,  
 Oh ! let me see thy gathering frown,  
 And feel thy warning eye ;  
 LORD, keep me far from ruin’s brink ;  
 “ Save, JESUS, or I yield, I sink !  
 “ Oh ! save me, or I die !” \*
- 4 If near the gulph I rashly stray,  
 Before I wholly fall away,  
 The keen conviction dart ;

\* Matt. xiv. 31.

Recall me by that pitying look,  
That kind upbraiding glance, that broke  
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

- 5 In me thine utmost mercy show,  
And make me like thyself below,  
Unblameable in grace ;  
Fully prepar'd, and fitted here  
By perfect holiness t' appear  
Before thy glorious face.

## HYMN CXXXI.

*Tenderness of Conscience.*—Acts xxiv. 16.

- 1 LORD ! plant a principle within  
Of godly jealous fear,  
A sensibility of sin,  
A pain to feel it near.
- 2 That I from Thee no more may part,  
No more thy goodness grieve,  
The filial awe, the feeling heart,  
The deep compunction give.
- 3 LORD ! as the apple of an eye\*  
My conscience tender make ;  
Rouse my dull soul, when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.
- 4 When to the right or left I stray,  
That moment, LORD ! reprove ;  
And let me weep my life away,  
Rather than vex thy love.

\* Prov. vii. 2.

- 5 Oh ! may the least omission pain  
 My well-instructed soul,  
 And drive me to that Grace again,  
 Which makes the wounded whole.

## HYMN CXXXII.

*Desire to pass the last Conflict.*—Phil. i. 21.

- 1 **WHEN** musing sorrow counts the past,  
 And mourns the present pain,  
 How sweet to think of peace at last,  
 And feel that death is gain !
- 2 'Tis not that mourning thoughts arise  
 And dread a Father's will ;  
 'Tis not that meek submission flies  
 And will not suffer still.
- 3 It is that Hope with ardour glows  
 To see Him face to face,  
 Whose dying love not language knows  
 Sufficient art to trace.
- 4 It is that Faith while yet she feels  
 The pangs of struggling sin ;  
 Sees, though afar, the hand that heals  
 And ends the war within.
- 5 Looking to JESUS she surveys  
 The path to realms of light ;  
 And longs with eagle wings to raise  
 And lose herself in sight.

HYMN CXXXIII.

*Not to be ashamed of Jesus.*—Luke ix. 26.

1. ASHAM'D of JESUS ! can it be ?  
A mortal man asham'd of Thee !  
Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor ;  
O may I scorn it more and more !
- 2 Asham'd of JESUS ! of that Friend,  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !  
No ; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his Name.
- 3 Asham'd of JESUS ! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star ;  
'Tis He who sheds his light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 4 Asham'd of JESUS ! yes, I may,  
When there's no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,  
And no immortal soul to save.
- 5 Till then—nor is the boasting vain,—  
Till then I'll boast a SAVIOUR slain ;  
And Oh ! may this my portion be,  
A SAVIOUR not asham'd of me !

HYMN CXXXIV.

*Remember me, O my God, for good.*—Neh. xiii. 14.

- 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,  
I lift my heart to Thee ;  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
My God ! remember me.

- 2 When on my weary, burthen'd heart  
 My sins lie heavily,  
 My pardon speak, new peace impart,  
 In love remember me !
- 3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,  
 And ills I cannot flee ;  
 LORD ! give me strength that suits my day,  
 For good remember me.
- 4 Distress'd with pain, disease, and grief,  
 This feeble body see ;  
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;  
 O LORD ! remember me.
- 5 If on my face for thy dear name  
 Shame and reproach shall be ;  
 All hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
 If Thou remember me !
- 6 The hour is near—I sink in death,  
 And own thy just decree :—  
 But, SAVIOUR ! with my parting breath  
 I'll cry—Remember me !

## HYMN CXXXV.

*Hope of Heaven under Trials.*—Rom. viii. 18.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear  
 In JESUS to the Skies,  
 I bid farewell to every fear,  
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
 And fiery darts be hurl'd,  
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
 And face a frowning world.



- 3 Let cares, like wildest billows, come,  
And storms of sorrow fall ;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my Heaven, my All.
- 4 There shall I bathe\* my weary soul  
On seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN CXXXVI.

*Trust in Providence.*—Psalm xcvi. 2.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful Saints, fresh courage take ;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his Grace :  
Behind a frowning Providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But soon shall burst the flower ;

## HYMN CXXXVII.

*The true Christian's Ark.*—Isaiah xxvi. 20.

- 1    **MARK**, where the tempest lours,  
       And gathers round the sky ;  
 Retire, and shun the wrathful show'rs  
       Impending from on high.
- 2    Come, God's dear children, come,  
       Fly to your FATHER'S arms ;  
 There is your shelter, there your home,  
       Your refuge from alarms.
- 3    Enter at his command ;  
       Close in your Ark remain ;  
 And wait the signal of his hand  
       To call you forth again.
- 4    There with his mercy crown'd  
       A cheerful song begin ;  
 E'en while the thunder roars around,  
       Let praise be heard within.
- 5    Soon from the troubled air  
       The clouds shall fly away,  
 And Grace shall shine in radiance fair  
       Through everlasting day.

## HYMN CXXXVIII.

*Resignation.*—Hab. iii. 17, 18.

- 1    **GREAT** God ! to Thee our song we raise,  
       To Thee devote our grateful praise ;  
       O never may our footsteps rove  
       From Thee, the Source of Truth and Love ;  
       *But* may we still thy praise proclaim,  
       *And* joy in our REDEEMER'S name !

- 2 What though the fig-tree shall decay ;  
The vine shall fruitless waste away ;  
What though the olive shall not bear,  
Nor corn produce the ripen'd ear ;  
Yet still may we, &c.
- 3 Though in our folds no flocks be found,  
Nor herds to deck th' exhausted ground ;  
Though all the hopes of plenty fail ;  
Though blighting pestilence prevail ;  
Yet may we still, &c.

## HYMN CXXXIX.

*Trust in Christ under Affliction.*—Matt. xi. 29, 30.

- 1 **ETERNAL** Beam of light divine,  
The Source of inexhausted love,  
In whom the **FATHER**'s glories shine,  
Through earth beneath, and heaven above !
- 2 **JESU** ! the weary wanderer's rest !  
Give me thy easy yoke to bear ;  
With steadfast patience arm my breast,  
With spotless love, and lowly fear.
- 3 Affliction's cup I take from Thee,  
In deep submission to thy will ;  
Though bitter to the taste it be,  
The soul shall find it precious still.
- 4 Be thou, my meek instructor ! nigh ;  
So shall each murmuring thought be gone ;  
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,  
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

## HYMN CXL

*The dejected Soul encouraged.*—Psalm xlii. 11

- 1 **O MY** soul ! what means this sadness ?  
Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?  
Let thy grief be turn'd to gladness ;  
Bid thy restless fears be gone :  
Look to **JESUS** ;  
Trust in His all-powerful Name.
  - 2 What though Satan's strong temptations  
Press around thee day by day,  
And thy sinful inclinations  
Often fill thee with dismay ?  
Look to **JESUS** ;  
Thou shalt conquer through his Blood.
  - 3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee  
From without, and from within,  
**JESUS** saith, " I'll ne'er forget thee,"  
" But will save from death and sin :  
He is faithful  
To perform his promis'd word.
  - 4 Though distresses now attend thee,  
And thou tread the thorny road,  
His right hand shall still defend thee,  
Soon conduct thee home to God :  
Therefore praise Him ;—  
Praise the great **REDEEMER**'s name.
-

## HYMN CXLI.

*Strength in time of need.*—Deut. xxxiii. 25.

- 1 **AFFLICTED** saint, to **CHRIST** draw near,  
Thy **SAVIOUR'S** gracious promise hear;  
His faithful word declares to thee,  
That "as thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,  
How shall I stand the trying day?  
God has engag'd by firm decree,  
That "as thy days, thy strength shall be"
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;  
But if the conflict should be long,  
The **LORD** will make the tempter flee,  
For "as thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 4 If call'd to bear each heavy cross,  
Want, hardship, sorrow, pain and loss,  
Still **CHRIST** is "all in all" to thee,  
And "as thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 5 Should persecution light her flame,  
Confide in thy **REDEEMER'S** name;  
In fiery trials thou shalt see,  
That "as thy days, thy strength shall be".
- 6 His presence shall thy dread subdue,  
When the last foe appears in view:  
Death shall but set thy spirit free,  
And "as thy days, thy strength shall be."

## PSALM CXLII.

*Here we have no continuing City.*—Heb. xiii. 14.

- 1 **THERE'S** "no abiding city here;"—  
This may distress the worldling's mind.  
*But should not cost the saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.*

- 2 There's "no abiding city here ;"—  
 Sad truth, were this to be our home ;  
 But let this thought our spirits cheer,  
 We seek a city yet to come.
- 3 There's "no abiding city here ;"—  
 Then let us live as pilgrims do ;  
 Let not the world our rest appear,  
 But let us haste from all below.
- 4 Zion !—JEHOVAH is her strength !  
 Secure she smiles at all her foes ;  
 And weary travellers at length  
 Within her sacred walls repose.
- 5 O sweet abode of peace and love,  
 Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest !  
 Had I the pinions of the dove,  
 I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine ;  
 The time my God appoints is best :  
 While here, to do his will, be mine,  
 And His to fix my time of rest.

## HYMN CXLIII.

*The poor Members of Christ.*—Matt. xxv. 40.

- 1 HIGH on a Throne of Glory, LORD,  
 Thou dost exalted shine :  
 What can my poverty bestow,  
 When all the worlds are Thine ?
- 2 But thou hast brethren here below,  
 The partners of thy grace,  
 And wilt confess their humble name  
*Before thy FATHER's face.*
-

- 3 In them Thou may'st be cloth'd, and fed,  
And visited, and cheer'd ;  
And in their accents of distress,  
My SAVIOUR's voice is heard.
- 4 Thy face with reverence and with love,  
LORD, in Thy poor I see ;  
O let me rather beg my bread,  
Than hold it back from Thee.

## HYMN CXLIV.

*Living Faith.*—James ii. 17.

- 1 THE prayer that flows from hearts sincere  
Is pleasing to the LORD above ;  
While empty words offend his ear,  
And his almighty vengeance move.
- 2 To walk as children of the day,  
To mark the Scripture's holy light,  
To wage the warfare, watch, and pray,  
Is worship pleasing in his sight.
- 3 Not words alone it cost the LORD  
To purchase pardon for his own ;  
Nor will a soul, by grace restor'd,  
Return the SAVIOUR's words alone.
- 4 Ah ! none shall win the christian race,  
And God's unclouded glory see,  
Who *talk* of free, and sov'reign grace,  
Unless that grace hath made them free.

- 5 To us then, LORD, to us impart  
 A living "Faith, that works by love;"  
 A Faith, that "purifies the heart,"  
 And makes us meet for joys above.

## HYMN CXLV.

*To forsake all for Christ.*—Luke xiv. 33.

- 1 O LORD! my best desires fulfil,  
 And help me to resign  
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,  
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,  
 Whose love forbids my fears,  
 Or tremble at the gracious hand,  
 That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield  
 What most I prize to Thee,  
 Who never hast a good withheld,  
 Nor wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour all my journey through  
 Thou art engag'd to grant;  
 What else I want, or think I do,  
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;  
 Shall I resist them both,  
 A poor blind creature of a day,  
 And "crush'd before the moth?"



- 6 But oh ! my inward spirit cries,  
Still bind me to thy sway ;  
Else the next cloud, that veils my skies,  
Drives all these thoughts away.

## HYMN CXLVI.

*Faith to suffer with Christ.*—1 Pet. ii. 23.

- 1 JESUS, thou Man of sorrows, born  
To suffering here below,  
To toil through poverty and scorn,  
Through weakness and through woe !
- 2 IMMANUEL ! who by every grief,  
By each temptation tried,  
Hast liv'd, to yield our wants relief,  
And to redeem us, died !
- 3 If gaily cloth'd, and proudly fed,  
In careless ease we dwell,  
Remind us of thy manger-bed,  
And lowly cottage-cell.
- 4 If press'd by penury severe,  
In envious want we pine,  
May conscience whisper in our ear,  
A poorer lot was Thine !
- 5 From all the viewless snares of sin,  
Preserve us firm and free ;  
As Thou hast like us tempted been,  
May we rejoice in Thee !

## HYMN CXLVII.

*Pleasures of True Religion.*—2 Cor. vi. 16.

- 1 "MY God!"—how cheerful is that sound!  
How pleasant to repeat!  
Well may the heart with gladness bound,  
Where God hath fixed his seat.
- 2 What need shall not my God supply,  
From those redundant stores,  
Which Mercy bending from on high  
With hand all-bounteous pours.
- 3 From "God in CHRIST," the living spring,  
All peace and blessing flow:  
Prepare, my lips, His praise to sing;  
With love, my bosom, glow.
- 4 Yes,—to our FATHER and our God  
Be endless glory giv'n,  
Through all the realms of man's abode,  
And through the highest heaven.

## HYMN CXLVIII.

*Salvation a Cause of Joy.*—Isaiah liii. 7.

- 1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!  
'Tis pleasure to our ears,  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.

Glory, honour, praise, and power  
Be unto the LAMB for ever :  
JESUS CHRIST is our REDEEMER,  
Hallelujah ! praise the LORD.

- 2 Salvation ! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around ;  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to swell the sound.

Glory, &c.

- 3 Salvation ! O Atoning LORD !  
To Thee its praise belongs :  
Salvation, by our hearts explor'd,  
Shall dwell upon our tongues.

Glory, &c.

### HYMN CXLIX.

*The Name of Jesus Precious.*—Matt. i. 21.

- 1 **HOW** sweet the Name of JESUS sounds  
In each believer's ear !  
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the broken spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,  
My shield, my hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.

- 4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
 Although with sin defil'd ;  
 Satan accuses me in vain,  
 And I am own'd a child.
- 5 JESUS ! my Shepherd, Surety, Friend,  
 My Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End !  
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
 And cold my warmest thought ;  
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

## HYMN CL.

*The Redeemed invited to praise.—Rev. xv. 3.*

- 1 **AWAKE**, and sing the song  
 Of Moses and the LAMB :  
 Wake every heart and every tongue,  
 To praise the SAVIOUR'S name.
- 2 Come, sing his dying Love,  
 Come, sing his rising Pow'r ;  
 Sing how He intercedes above,  
 For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,  
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing !  
 O sing, rejoicing every day  
 In CHRIST, th' Eternal King.

- 4    Soon shall ye hear Him say,  
      “ God’s blessed children, come ;”  
      Soon will he call us hence away,  
      And take his wanderers home.
- 5    There shall each rapturous tongue  
      His endless praise proclaim ;  
      And sweeter voices tune the song  
      Of **MOSES** and the **LAMB**.

## HYMN CLI.

*Heavenly Joy on Earth.*—1 Tim. iv. 8.

- 1    **COME** ye, that love the **LORD**,  
      And let your joys be known ;  
      Join in a song with sweet accord,  
      And thus surround his throne.
- 2    Let those refuse to sing,  
      That never knew our **GOD** ;  
      The servants of the heavenly **KING**  
      Should speak their joys abroad.
- 3    This awful **GOD** is ours,  
      Blest object of our love ;  
      His care shall guard life’s fleeting hours,  
      Then waft our souls above.
- 4    There we shall see his face,  
      No evil do, or think,  
      And from the rivers of his **Grace**  
      Exhaustless pleasures drink.

- 5    E'en here mount Zion yields  
      A thousand sacred sweets,  
      Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
      And tread the golden streets.
- 6    Then let our songs abound,  
      And wipe each tearful eye,  
      While marching through IMMANUEL'S ground  
      To fairer worlds on high.

## HYMN CLII.

*Salvation to God and His Christ.*—Rev. vii. 10.

- 1    YE servants of God,  
      Your master proclaim,  
      And publish abroad  
      His wonderful Name ;  
      The name all-victorious  
      Of JESUS extol ;  
      His kingdom is glorious,  
      And rules over all.
- 2    The LORD reigns on high,  
      Almighty to save ;  
      And still he is nigh,  
      His presence we crave :  
      The great congregation  
      His triumph shall sing,  
      Ascribing Salvation  
      To JESUS, our King.

- 3      Salvation to God,  
         Who sits on the Throne ;  
         Let all sound abroad  
         The name of the Son ;  
His infinite praises  
         The angels proclaim ;  
Fall down on their faces,  
         And worship the LAMB.
- 4      Then let us adore,  
         And pay him his right,  
         All glory and power,  
         All wisdom and might ;  
All honour and blessing  
         With angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing,  
         Our tribute of love.

## HYMN CLIII.

*The Heavenly Hymn.*

- 1    LORD and God of heavenly powers !  
     Mighty Maker, theirs and ours !  
     Thee, Great King, let earth proclaim,  
     Worms attempt to chaunt thy name.
- 2    Bend, in mercy bend thine ear,  
     Thou, the world's Atonement, hear ;  
     Jesus, in thy name we pray ;  
     Take, O take our sins away.
- 3    Thee to laud in songs divine  
     Angels and Archangels join ;  
     We with them in humbler lays  
     Echo thine eternal praise.

- 4 Holy, holy, holy, LORD!  
Live by heaven and earth ador'd;  
Full of Thee they ever cry  
"Glory be to God on high."

## HYMN CLIII.

*Cheerful Trust in God.*—Psalm xlviii. 14.

- 1 THIS God is the God we adore,  
Our faithful unchangeable Friend;  
Whose love is as great as his power,  
And neither knows measure, nor end.
- 2 'Tis JESUS, whose SPIRIT at last  
Shall guide us to Heaven, our home:  
Then praise Him for all that is past;  
Then trust Him for all that's to come.

## HYMN CLV.

*Mercies recounted.*—Psalm lxxi. 5, 6.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Thy Providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redress'd,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.
-



- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran ;  
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.
- 4 When worn by sickness, oft hast Thou  
With health reviv'd my face ;  
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Renew'd my soul with Grace.
- 5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ,  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 6 Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death in distant worlds  
The glorious theme renew.

## HYMN CLVI.

*Safety amid severest Trials.*

- 1 **HOW** are thy servants blest, O Lord !  
How sure is their defence !  
Eternal wisdom is their guide ;  
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 When by the dreadful tempest borne,  
High on the broken wave,  
They know Thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

- 3 The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
Obedient to thy will;  
The sea that roars at thy command,  
At thy command is still.
- 4 Beset with dangers, fears, and death,  
Thy goodness we adore,  
We praise Thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.
- 5 Our lives, while Thou preserv'st our lives,  
Thy sacrifice shall be,  
Our death through Him who died for us,  
Shall join our souls to Thee.

## Occasional.—Public Worship.



### PSALM LXXXIV.

FOR THE MORNING OF THE LORD'S DAY.

- 1 O GOD of Hosts, the mighty LORD !  
How lovely is the place,  
Where Thou enthron'd in Glory show'st  
The brightness of thy face !
- 2 My longing, fainting soul desires  
To view thy blest abode ;  
My heart and flesh cry out for Thee,  
For Thee the living Gop.
- 3 Thrice happy birds, that in thy house  
Have fix'd their envied nest !  
So might I ever there abide,  
There find perpetual rest !
- 4 O LORD of Hosts, my King, and God !  
How highly blest are they,  
Whose strength is in the SAVIOUR plac'd,  
Who love his heavenly way !
- 5 As through this dreary vale they pass,  
Of vanity and tears,  
Grace pours its soul-refreshing streams,  
And each sad pilgrim cheers.

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- 6 Thus they proceed from strength to strength,  
Thus still approach more near  
To Zion's Mount, where all at last  
Before their God appear.

**PSALM LXXXIV.**

- 1 **LORD** of the worlds above !  
How pleasant and how fair,  
The dwellings of thy love,  
Thine earthly temples are !  
To thine abode  
My heart aspires,  
With warm desires  
To see my God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray,  
Where God appoints to hear !  
O happy saints, that pay  
Their constant service there !  
They praise Thee still ;  
And happy they,  
That love the way  
To Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength  
Through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each is safe at length,  
Till each in heaven appears :—  
To that blest seat,  
Our God and King !  
Through JESUS bring  
Our willing feet.

## PSALM XCV.

- 1 O COME, new songs of triumph sing ;  
Loud let us thank our heavenly KING ;  
For we our voices high should raise,  
When our Salvation's Rock we praise.
- 2 For GOD, enthron'd in awful state,  
Is with unrivall'd glory great ;  
The depths of earth are in his hand,  
Her secret wealth at his command.
- 3 The strength of hills that reach the skies  
Submissive to his empire lies ;  
The rolling ocean's vast abyss  
By the same sovereign right is his.
- 4 O let us to his courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there ;  
He is our Shepherd, we the sheep  
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

## PSALM LXIII.

FOR THE MORNING OF THE LORD'S DAY.

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay  
I haste to seek thy face ;  
My thirsty spirit faints away  
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink or die.

- 3 Oft have I seen thy glorious pow'r  
 Within thy temple shine :—  
 My God ! repeat that heavenly hour,  
 Renew that sight divine.
- 4 Thus till my last expiring day  
 I'll bless my God and King ;  
 Whilst I can lift my hands to pray,  
 And tune my lips to sing.

## PSALM XCII.

FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

- 1 **THOU**, who art enthron'd above !  
 Thou, by whom we live and move !,  
 O how sweet, with joyful tongue,  
 To resound thy praise in song !  
 When the morning paints the skies,  
 When the sparkling stars arise,  
 All thy favours to rehearse,  
 And give thanks in grateful verse !
- 2 Sweet the day of sacred rest  
 When devotion fires the breast,  
 When we dwell within thy house,  
 Hear thy Gospel, pay our vows,  
 Notes to Heaven's high mansion raise,  
 Fill thy courts with peals of praise,  
 With repeated hymns proclaim  
 Our REDEEMER's awful Name.
- 3 From thy works our joys arise,  
 O Thou only good and wise !  
 Who thy wonders can express ?  
*Who thy thoughts, how fathomless ?*

Warm our hearts with sacred fire,  
Still with songs of praise inspire ;  
All our powers with all their might  
Always in thy praise unite.

## PSALM XCII.

FOR THE SAME.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy Name, give thanks, and sing ;  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;—  
May no vain cares my peace molest,  
But all my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the LORD,  
And bless thy works, and bless thy word :  
How bright thy works of mercy shine !  
How deep each plan thy thoughts design !
- 4 And I ere long with warmer heart  
Before thy throne shall bear my part,  
If Grace, like holy oil, be giv'n  
To mark the soul for God and heav'n.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desir'd or hop'd below ;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy !

## PSALM CXXII.

*For the Same.*

- 1 **HOW** did my heart rejoice to hear  
My friends devoutly say,  
“ In Zion let us all appear,  
“ And keep the solemn day !”
- 2 Up to her courts with heart-felt praise  
The holy tribes repair ;  
Lo ! David's Son his Throne displays,  
And sits in judgment there.
- 3 He hears our songs, and our complaints,  
And, while his awful voice  
Divides the sinners from the saints,  
We tremble and rejoice.
- 4 O pray for Zion ! Holy Peace,  
Dwell here, thy constant guest !  
With heavenly gifts and large increase  
Be those, that love thee, blest !
- 5 My soul shall still for Zion pray,  
Long as my breath remains ;  
There my best friends their homage pay ;  
There God, my SAVIOUR, reigns.

## PSALM XCV.

- 1 **SING** to the LORD, our SAVIOUR's name,  
And in his strength rejoice ;  
When his salvation is our theme,  
*Exalted* be our voice.
-



- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,  
Glad psalms of honour sing,  
To God, the LORD of boundless might,  
The whole Creation's King.
- 3 Come, and with humble souls adore,  
And kneel before his face ;  
O may the creatures of his power  
Be children of his Grace !
- 4 Now is the time his gifts to share,  
He waits for your request ;  
Come, lest He rouse his wrath, and swear,  
" Ye shall not see my Rest."

## PSALM XLVI.

FOR A FAST DAY.

- 1 GOD is our refuge in distress,  
A present help, when dangers press ;  
In Him undaunted we confide ;  
Though earth be from her centre tost,  
Though mountains in the deep be lost,  
O'erwhelm'd beneath the roaring tide.
- 2 Salvation's stream with gladness still  
The City of our LORD shall fill,  
The royal seat of GOD most high :  
JESUS in Zion dwells, whose tow'rs  
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly pow'rs,  
While his almighty aid is nigh.

- 3 In tumults when the nations rag'd  
 And kingdoms war against us wag'd,  
 He thunder'd, and dispers'd their pow'rs :  
 The **LORD** of Hosts conducts our arms,  
 Our tower of refuge in alarms,  
 Our fathers' Guardian-God, and ours.

## PSALM XLVI.

FOR THE SAME.

- 1 **SEE** rebel-nations in array;—  
**JEHOVAH** speaks ;—Earth melts away ;—  
 We to the **LORD** of Hosts draw nigh,  
 To Jacob's God, our refuge, fly.
- 2 Oh ! come, behold a scene of dread,  
 Behold a world with slaughter spread,  
 And know, 'tis God, who bids each land  
 Thus feel the terrors of his hand.
- 3 'Tis His again the earth to cheer,  
 To break the bow, to snap the spear,  
 To wrap in flames the glittering car,  
 And hush the tumult of the war.
- 4 “ Be still, ye sons of pride, and own  
 “ That I am God, and I alone :  
 “ Exalted o'er each heathen land,  
 “ Exalted o'er the earth I stand.”
- 5 To rebel-nations in array,  
*He speaks, they hear, and melt away :—*  
 We to our **SAVIOUR-GOD** draw nigh,  
 To Jacob's God, our refuge, fly.

## PSALM XXIX.

*God directs the Storm.*

- 1 SING, ye sons of might, O sing  
Praise to God, th' eternal King ;  
Power and strength to God assign,  
Bow before his hallow'd shrine.\*
- 2 Hark ! his voice in thunder breaks ;  
Hush'd to silence when He speaks,  
Ocean's waves from pole to pole  
Hear the awful accents roll.
- 3 See, as louder yet they rise,  
Breaking cedars, flaming skies !  
Mighty Lebanon in fear,  
Bounding like a feeble steer !
- 4 Now the rending clouds give way,  
And the vivid lightnings play ;  
Now the wilds, by man untrod,  
Tremble at th' approaching God.
- 5 Saints ! the Name of God adore,  
Prostrate on the sacred floor ;  
While his power to every tongue  
Yields an argument of song.
- 6 God the swelling surge commands ;  
Fix'd his throne for ever stands :  
God his people shall increase,  
*Arm with strength, and bless with peace.*

\* Sanctuary.

## PSALM CXLVII.

*The Seasons.*

- 1 **WITH** songs of honour, sounding loud,  
Address the **LORD** on high ;  
O'er the wide Heavens He spreads his cloud,  
And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his showers of blessings down  
To cheer the plain below ;  
He makes the grass the mountains crown,  
And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow  
Descend, and clothe the ground ;  
The liquid streams forbear to flow,  
In icy fetters bound.
- 4 He sends his word, and melts the snow,  
The fields no longer mourn ;  
He calls the warmer gales to blow,  
And bids the spring return.
- 5 The changing wind, the flying cloud  
Obey his mighty word ;  
With songs of honour, sounding loud,  
O praise the Sovereign **LORD**.

## PSALM LXV.

*The Harvest God's Gift.*

- 1 **THOU** teachest, **LORD**, the grateful soil,  
To recompense the tiller's toil !  
By unexhausted springs supplied  
Thy river pours its copious tide ;  
And bids the strength-infusing grain  
Earth's countless family sustain.

- 2 The clouds, in frequent showers distilled,  
Drop fatness on the joyful field;  
Break the tough glebe, the furrows cheer,  
And crown with good the gliding year;  
Th' exulting hills, th' extended waste  
Thy gifts in rich profusion taste.
- 3 Nurs'd by thy care, the fleecy train  
Invest\* with white the rural plain;  
And, as beneath the fav'ring skies  
In crowded ranks the harvests rise,  
The laughing vale assumes a tongue,  
And bursts triumphant into song.

## PSALM XXIII.

*Preparation for Death.*

- 1 O LORD! amid this desert wide  
Thou art my Shepherd, Thou my Guide;  
From day to day, from year to year,  
I shall not want, for Thou art near.
- 2 Thou hast ten thousand gifts bestow'd,  
And strew'd with flowers my mortal road:  
Through pastures fair I take my way,  
Or by the peaceful waters stray.
- 3 Ere long th' appointed time shall come,  
That I must seek my narrow home,  
And follow, where Thy Saints have led,  
Down to the chambers of the dead.

\* Clothe.

- 4 I will not dread, for Thou art near,  
 Thy smile shall calm each rising fear ;  
 Thy rod and staff new joy impart,  
 And cheer with hope my fainting heart.
- 5 Confiding in my SAVIOUR's pow'r,  
 I then shall meet the trying hour ;  
 And hail with my expiring breath  
 The cold and lonely vale of death.
- 6 When I shall pass the gloomy way,  
 If Thou but smile, my night is day ;  
 That dark and dreary vale once trod—  
 And I ascend to Thee, my God.

## HYMN CLVII.

FOR THE EVENING BEFORE THE LORD'S DAY.

- 1 SAFELY through another week  
 God hath brought us on our way ;  
 Let us now a blessing seek  
 On th' approaching Sabbath Day ;  
 Day of all the week the best,  
 Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we pray for pardoning Grace,  
 Through our dear REDEEMER's Name,  
 Show Thine all-propitious\* face,  
 Take away our sin and shame ;  
*LORD !* from worldly care set free,  
*May we rest this night with Thee !*

\* Entirely favourable.

- 3 When the sacred morn shall rise,  
May we feel thy presence near !  
May thy glory meet our eyes,  
When we in thy House appear !  
There afford us, LORD, a taste  
Of those joys that never waste.
- 4 May thy Gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;  
May the fruits of Grace abound ;  
Best relief for all complaints :  
Such may all our Sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the Church above !

## HYMN CLVIII.

FOR THE LORD'S DAY.—Mark ii. 28.

- 1 "LORD of the Sabbath !" Thee we praise,  
In concert with the blest,  
Who joyful in harmonious lays  
Employ an endless rest.
- 2 On this glad Day, Almighty LORD !  
Thy power was more display'd,  
Than when by Thee, th' eternal WORD,  
The countless worlds were made.
- 3 Alone the dreadful race He ran,  
Alone the wine-press trod :  
*He died and suffer'd as a man,*  
*He rises as a God.*

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- 4 He rises, who our pardon bought  
With grief and pain extreme :—  
'Twas great to call our souls from nought,  
'Twas greater to redeem.
- 5 A blest eternity we long  
With Thee, O LORD, to spend;  
Where nought can part each holy throng,  
Where Sabbaths never end.

**HYMN CLIX.**

*Faith exercised.*—Cant. iv. 16.

- 1 **BREATHE** from the gentle South, O LORD,  
And cheer me from the North ;  
Blow on the treasures of thy Word,  
And call the spices forth.
- 2 I wish, thou know'st, to be resign'd,  
And wait with patient hope,  
But hope delay'd fatigues the mind,  
And drinks the spirits up.
- 3 Help me to reach the distant goal ;  
Confirm my feeble knee ;  
Pity the weakness of a soul  
That faints for love of Thee.
- 4 Cold as I feel this heart of mine,  
Yet since I feel it so,  
It yields some hope of life divine  
Within, however low.



- 5 I seem forsaken and alone,  
I hear the lion roar ;  
And every door is shut but one,  
And that is mercy's door.
- 6 There, till the kind Deliverer come ,  
I'll wait with humble pray'r ;  
And when He calls his exile home,  
The LORD shall find him there.

## HYMN CLX.

FOR THE MORNING OF THE LORD'S DAY.

- 1 GREAT God ! this sacred Day of Thine,  
Demands the soul's collected pow'rs ;  
Gladly we now to Thee resign  
These solemn, these devoted hours !  
O may our souls adoring own  
The Grace that calls us to thy Throne !
- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly ;  
Where God resides appear no more :—  
REDEEMER ! thine all-piercing eye  
Can every secret thought explore :  
O may thy Grace our bosoms move,  
And fix our thoughts on things above.
- 3 Thy SPIRIT's powerful aid impart,  
And bid thy Word, with life divine,  
Engage the ear, and warm the heart ;  
Then shall the Day indeed be Thine :  
Then shall our souls adoring own  
The Grace that calls us to thy Throne.

HYMN CLXI.

*For the Same.*

- 1 **AGAIN** the Day returns of holy rest,  
Which, when He made the world, **JEHOVAH**  
blest ;  
And blest again, when **JESUS** left the Grave,  
From Sin and Death a ruin'd world to save.
- 2 While impious men despise the sage decree  
From " vain deceit, and false philosophy ;"  
Let us its wisdom own, its blessings feel,  
Receive with gratitude, perform with zeal.
- 3 Let us devote this consecrated Day  
To learn his will, and as we learn obey ;  
In pure Religion's hallow'd duties share,  
And join in penitence, and join in pray'r.
- 4 O God and SAVIOUR ! in our hearts abide ;  
Thy Grace renews us, and thy precepts guide ;  
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend !  
Glory supreme be Thine, till time shall end !

HYMN CLXII.

FOR THE EVENING OF THE LORD'S DAY.

- 1 **SOON** will the evening star with silver ray  
Shed its mild lustre on this sacred day ;  
Resume we then, ere sleep and silence reign,  
The rites, that heaven and holiness ordain.

- 2 Still let each Gospel-truth our thoughts engage,  
That shines reveal'd on Inspiration's page ;  
Nor those blest hours in vain amusements waste,  
Which all who lavish, shall lament at last.
- 3 Here let us humbly hope our MAKER's smile  
Will cheer our souls oppress'd with weekly toil ;  
And here on each returning sabbath join  
In prayer, in penitence, and praise divine.
- 4 O GOD and SAVIOUR ! in our hearts abide ;  
Thy Grace renews us, and thy precepts guide ;  
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend !  
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end !

### HYMN CLXIII.

*Offices of Worship.*—1 Cor. xiv. 15.

- 1 LORD ! when we bend before thy throne,  
And our confessions pour ;  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our broken spirits pitying see,  
True penitence impart ;  
Then let a kindling glance from Thee  
Beam hope on every heart.
- 3 When our responsive \* tongues essay †  
Their grateful hymns to raise,  
Grant that our souls may join the lay,  
And mount to Thee in praise.

\* Making responses, or answers. † Endeavour.

- 4 Then on thy glories while we dwell,  
 Thy mercies we'll review ;  
 Till love divine transported tell  
 Our God's our Father too.
- 5 When we disclose our wants in pray'r,  
 May we our wills resign,  
 And not a thought our bosoms share,  
 That is not wholly Thine !
- 6 May faith each weak petition fill,  
 And waft it to the skies ;  
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,  
 That grants it, or denies.

## HYMN CLXIV.

*For Ministers and People.*

- 1 **LORD !** cause thy face on us to shine,  
 Give us thy peace and seal us Thine !  
 Teach us to prize the means of grace,  
 And love thine earthly dwelling-place.
- 2 O King of Salem, Prince of Peace !  
 Bid strife among Thy subjects cease :  
 One is our Faith, and one our **LORD** ;  
 One glory, spirit, hope, reward.
- 3 One God and **FATHER** ours we call,  
 Throughout, within, and oyer all !—  
 Oh ! may we one communion be,  
 One with each other, and with Thee.
- 4 Bless them whose voice salvation brings,  
 Who minister in holy things,  
 Our Bishops, Priests, and Deacons bless,  
 Clothe them, O **LORD !** with righteousness.

- 5 Let many in the Judgment-day,  
Turn'd from the error of their way,  
Their children, joy, and crown appear ;  
Save those who preach, and those who hear !

## HYMN CLXV.

*The Apostolical Benediction.*—2 Cor. xiii. 14.

- 1 **MAY** the grace of **CHRIST** o'erflowing,  
And the **FATHER's** boundless love,  
And the **SPIRIT** life-bestowing  
Rest upon us from above !
- 2 Thus may we abide united  
With each other and the **LORD**,  
And possess in Him delighted  
Joys, which earth cannot afford !

## HYMN CLXV.

*For improvement of the Means of Grace.*

- 1 **LORD !** refresh us with thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
Bread of life in Thee possessing,  
Let our faith and love increase :  
O refresh us,  
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration  
For thy Gospel's joyful sound :  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound !  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found !

- 3 So, whene'er the signal given  
 Calls us from the earth away,  
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
 Glad the summons to obey,  
 May we ever  
 Reign with CHRIST in endless day !

### HYMN CLXVII.

#### *On Dismission.*

- 1 LORD ! dismiss us with thy blessing ;  
 So shall we depart in peace :  
 Bread of life in Thee possessing,  
 Let our faith and love increase.
- 2 Fill each breast with consolation,  
 Raise, to Thee our spirits raise ;  
 When we reach yon blissful station,  
 Then we'll give Thee nobler praise.  
 Hallelujah.

### HYMN CLXVIII.

#### *Prayer for Children.*

- 1 GRACIOUS LORD ! these children see,  
 By Thy mercy we are free ;  
 But shall these, alas ! remain,  
 Subjects still of Satan's reign ?
- Israel's young ones when of old,  
 Pharaoh threaten'd to withhold ;  
 Then thy messenger said " No ;"  
 " Let the children also go."

- 2 When the angel of the Lord  
Drawing forth his dreadful sword,  
Slew with an avenging hand  
All the first-born of the land ;  
Then thy people's door he pass'd,  
Where the bloody sign was plac'd ;—  
Hear us now upon our knees,  
Plead the blood of CHRIST for these !
- 3 LORD ! we tremble, for we know  
How the fierce malicious foe,  
Wheeling round his watchful flight,  
Keeps them ever in his sight :  
Spread thy pinions, King of kings !  
Hide them safe beneath thy wings ;  
Lest the ravenous bird of prey  
Stoop and bear the brood away.

## HYMN CLXIX.

*Children Praying.*

- 1 HEAR, LORD, the song of praise and pray'r,  
In heaven, thy dwelling-place,  
From children made the public care,  
And taught to seek thy face.
- 2 Thanks for thy word, and for thy day,  
And grant us, we implore,  
Never to waste in sinful play  
Thy holy Sabbaths more.
- 3 Thanks that we hear—but oh ! impart  
To each desires sincere,  
That we may listen with the heart,  
And learn as well as hear.

- 4 For if vain thoughts the mind engage  
Of older far than we,  
What hope, that at our childish age  
Our minds should e'er be free ?
- 5 Much hope—if Thou our spirits take  
Under thy gracious sway,  
Who canst the wisest wiser make,  
And babes as wise as they.
- 6 Wisdom and bliss thy Word bestows,  
A sun that ne'er declines ;  
And be thy mercy shower'd on those,  
Who plac'd us where it shines.

## HYMN CLXX.

*The same.*

CHILDREN.

- 1 COME, let our voice ascend  
In one glad song of praise ;  
To God, the God we love,  
Our grateful notes we raise.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone the praise belongs ;  
His love demands your earliest songs.

CHILDREN.

- 2 Here we are taught to read  
The Book of Life divine,  
Where our REDEEMER'S love,  
And brightest glories shine.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone the praise is due,  
Whose sacred book enlightens you.



## CHILDREN.

Within these hallow'd walls  
 Our wandering feet are brought,  
 Where prayer and praise resound,  
 And heavenly Truths are taught.

## CONGREGATION.

To God alone your tribute bring,  
 And in the Church his praises sing.

## CHILDREN.

For all your pious care,  
 Kind Friends, our thanks receive ;—  
 Thou, LORD, accept our hearts ;  
 'Tis all that we can give.

## CONGREGATION.

O hear, great God ! their humble song ;  
 To Thee alone our hearts belong.

## CHORUS.

LORD ! bid this glorious work  
 Be crown'd with large success !  
 May thousands yet unborn  
 This Institution bless :—  
 Then, God of Love ! be sounded high  
 Thy praise through all eternity.

## HYMN CLXXI.

*Children pleading.*

FRIENDS of the ignorant and poor !  
 Enrich'd by God with ampler store ;  
 To you our anxious hopes we raise ;  
 Oh ! lead to CHRIST our infant days.

- 2 Mark all the snares which throng our co  
And inward sin that gives them force ;  
And ill examples oft in sight  
To turn us from the path of right.
- 3 Afloat upon life's swelling tide,  
Without the skill ourselves to guide,  
By storms assail'd, by sorrows press'd,  
We ask instruction, succour, rest.
- 4 Oh ! by the record of His woes,  
From whom redeeming mercy flows,  
Impart to us the means of Grace,  
And bid us all his Goodness trace.
- 5 And Thou, dread LORD of high and low  
Give us the will Thyself to know ;  
Blot out our sins, our dangers see,  
And guide at last our souls to Thee.

## HYMN CLXXII.

*Children Praying.*

- 1 BLEST JEHOVAH ! we implore Thee,  
Hear each child that lisps thy fame ;  
Humbly now we fall before Thee,  
In our meek REDEEMER'S Name.  
How the heavenly host rejoices  
Love divine to sing on high !  
Hear, O hear our tender voices,  
Whilst the same glad song we try.

## HYMN CLXXIII.

*Invitation to the Lord's Table.—Is. lv. 1.*

- 1 **THIS** is the feast of heavenly wine,  
And God invites to sup;  
The juices of the Living Vine  
Were press'd to fill the cup.
- 2 O bless the SAVIOUR, ye that eat  
With royal dainties fed;  
Not Heaven affords a costlier treat;  
For JESUS is the bread.
- 3 The vile, the lost—He calls to them;  
Ye contrite souls, draw near!  
The righteous in their *own* esteem  
Have no acceptance here.
- 4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse  
The banquet spread for you:—  
My SAVIOUR! this is joyful news;  
Then I am bidden too.
- 5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,  
And may obtain a place,  
Surely the LORD will welcome me,  
And I shall see his face.

## HYMN CLXXIV.

*Before the Communion Service.*

- 1 **FORGIVE**, O LORD! our wanderings past,  
Henceforth we would obey thy call;  
Our sins far from us let us cast,  
And turn to Thee devoutly all:

Then with Archangels we shall sing  
High praise to Heaven's Eternal King.

- 2 Hear us, O God ! in mercy hear,  
With sorrow we our guilt deplore ;  
Pity our anguish, calm our fear,  
And give us Grace to sin no more :  
Then with Archangels, &c.
- 3 While at yon Altar's foot we kneel,  
And of the holy Rite partake,  
Our pardon, LORD ! vouchsafe to seal,  
For JESUS our REDEEMER's sake :  
Then with Archangels, &c.

### HYMN CLXXV.

*Prayer for full Attendance.*—Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 MY GOD ! and is thy Table spread !  
And doth thy Cup with Love o'erflow ?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them all thy Goodness know.
- 2 Hail, sacred Feast ! which JESUS makes,  
Rich banquet of his Flesh and Blood ;  
Thrice happy he, who here partakes  
That precious Stream, that heavenly Food.
- 3 Let crowds approach with holy zeal,  
By faith and penitence prepar'd :  
Then, as our lips the pledges feel,  
Salvation by our souls be shar'd !

- 4 Drawn by thy quickening Grace, O LORD,  
The thronging numbers shall have room,  
And gather from their Father's board  
The Bread that lives beyond the tomb.
- 5 Nor let thy spreading glory rest,  
Till through the world thy truth has run,  
Till with this Bread all men are blest,  
Who see the day or feel the sun.

## HYMN CLXXVI.

*The Feast of Charity.*—1 Cor. x, 17.

- 1 JESUS invites his Saints  
To feast around his board ;  
Here pardon'd sinners meet, and hold  
Communion with their LORD.
- 2 Here we survey that Love,  
Which spoke in every breath,  
Which crown'd each action of his life,  
And triumph'd in his death.
- 3 Bid all our powers unite  
Thy Name, O CHRIST, to raise ;  
Let peace and joy fill every mind,  
And every voice be praise.
- 4 Whilst here we feed on Thee,  
Our heavenly Food below,  
From thine own love our hearts inspire  
With kindred love to glow.

- 5 . May love to Thee inflame  
And dictate every thought !  
Be angry passions far remov'd,  
All selfish views forgot !

HYMN CLXXVII.

*Thanksgiving in the Communion Service.*

- 1 TO God be glory, peace on earth,  
Good-will to mortals shown !  
We praise, we bless, we glorify,  
We worship Thee alone.
- 2 We thank Thee for thy glorious Grace,  
That fills our souls with light;  
LORD GOD ! the King of Heaven, the GOD  
And FATHER of all might !
- 3 And Thou, Begotten SON of GOD  
Before all time begun !  
O CHRIST ! O GOD ! the LAMB of GOD,  
The FATHER'S only SON !
- 4 Have mercy, Thou that tak'st the sins  
Of all the world away !  
Have mercy LORD, at GOD'S right hand,  
And hear us, when we pray.
- 5 Thou with the HOLY GHOST, O CHRIST,  
Whom Heaven and Earth adore,  
High in the FATHER'S glory art  
Exalted evermore.

## HYMN CLXVIII.

*This do in remembrance of me.—Luke xxii. 19.*

- 1 **HOW** condescending and how kind,  
Thy Grace, Eternal SON !  
In heaven our misery touch'd thy mind,  
And pity brought Thee down.
- 2 Lo ! here thy blood for sinners spilt,  
Our grateful tongues record ;—  
Teach us with joy for pardon'd guilt  
To mourn we pierc'd the LORD.
- 3 Our souls receive atonement's seal,  
And drink thy dying love ;  
How hard our heart, if now it feel  
No godly sorrow move !

## HYMN CLXXIX.

*For a Public Charity—From sentences in  
communion.*

- 1 **O GOD**, our SAVIOUR ! let us wear  
Thy easy yoke, obey thy will ;  
Each other's burdens learn to bear,  
And thus the Law of Love fulfil.
- 2 He that hath pity on the poor  
Lendeth his substance to the LORD :  
And lo ! his recompense is sure ;  
For more than all shall be restor'd.

- 3 Who sparingly his seed bestows,  
He sparingly shall also reap;  
But whoso plentifully sows,  
The plenteous sheaves his hands shall reap.
- 4 LORD! teach us with ungrudging heart,  
As Thou hast bless'd our various store,  
From our abundance to impart  
A liberal portion to the poor.
- 5 To Thee our all devoted be,  
In whom we breathe, and move, and live!  
Freely we have receiv'd from Thee,  
Freely may we rejoice to give!

## HYMN CLXXIX.

*Inward Grace after Baptism.*

Tit. iii. 5.

- 1 JEHOVAH! condescend  
To bless our rising race;  
O may their willing spirits bend  
To thy victorious Grace!
- 2 Unspeakable delight  
That Grace in them to see!  
Our warmest wishes all unite  
To train them, LORD, for Thee.
- 3 Devoted at Thy Font,  
May they confess their LORD,  
With CHRIST imprinted on their front,  
Depending on His Word!



## HYMN CLXXX.

*Infant Baptism.*—Mark x. 14.

- 1 SEE Israel's faithful Shepherd stands  
With all affection's charms ;  
Hark ! how He calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms !
- 2 " Permit them to approach," He cries,  
" Nor scorn their humble name ;  
" For 'twas to bless such souls as these  
" The LORD of Angels came."
- 3 We bring them, LORD, with fervent pray'r,  
And yield them up to Thee ;  
Rejoic'd that we ourselves are thine,  
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with transport hear ;  
Ye children, seek his face ;  
And fly with holy joy to share  
The blessings of his Grace.
- 5 Orphans if they be left behind,  
Thy guardian care we trust ;  
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,  
When weeping o'er their dust.

**HYMN CLXXXI.**

**EVENING.**

- 1 **O LORD**, another day is flown,  
And we a feeble band,  
Are met once more before thy Throne  
To bless thy fostering hand.
- 2 **Thou, SAVIOUR**, with thy smiles wilt deign  
To cheer us, as we pray,  
For Thou didst bless the infant train,  
And we are weak as they.
- 3 **Oh!** let thy Grace perform its part,  
And let contention cease,  
And shed abroad in every heart  
Thine everlasting peace.
- 4 **Thus** chasten'd, cleans'd, entirely thine,  
A flock by **JESUS** led,  
The Sun of holiness shall shine  
In glory on our head.
- 5 **And Thou** wilt turn our wandering feet,  
And Thou wilt bless our way:  
The world shall fade, and faith shall greet  
The dawn of lasting day.

**HYMN CLXXXII.**

**MORNING.**

- 1 **AWAKE**, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Redeem thy wasted moments past,  
This present day account thy last ;  
Improve thy gifts with pious care ;  
For the Great Day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,  
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;  
For God's all-seeing eye surveys  
Thy secret thoughts, thy works, and ways.
- 4 All praise to Thee, whose arm has kept,  
Whose care refresh'd me, while I slept :  
When from the sleep of death I wake,  
May I of endless life partake !
- 5 LORD ! I my vows to Thee renew ;  
Disperse my sins, like morning dew ;  
Guard my first spring of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 6 Direct, controul, suggest this day  
All I design, or do, or say,  
'That all my powers with all their might  
In thy sole service may unite.

### HYMN CLXXXIII.

#### EVENING.

- 1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,  
*For all the blessings of the light :*  
*Keep me, O ! keep me, King of kings,*  
*Beneath thine own almighty wings !*

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- 2 Forgive me, LORD, for thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done ;  
That ere I sleep, each thought may be  
Peace with the world, myself, and Thee.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die prepar'd to meet  
My SAVIOUR on his Judgment-seat.
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose !  
May hallow'd sleep my eyelids close !  
So shall I rise with freshen'd powers  
To serve Thee all my waking hours.
- 5 O may my soul for ever share  
The bliss of thy paternal care !  
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above  
To see thy face, and sing thy love.
- 6 For death is life, and labour rest,  
If with thy gracious presence blest :  
Come toil, or sleep, or death to me ;  
I'm still secure, if still with Thee.

HYMN CLXXXIV.

EVENING.

- 1 LORD, as the evening shades arise  
And chase the twilight from the skies,  
Thy wondrous bounty may we find,  
*And share it with a grateful mind !*

- 2 Oh ! make our weary members blest  
With sweet refreshment in their rest ;  
And in the hours of darkness spread  
Thy guardian arms around our head.
- 3 Upon our knees as here we bow,  
Light of the world, REDEEMER, now  
Fill all our breasts, lest deadly sin  
Should cause a darker night within.
- 4 If thoughts on Thee our souls employ,  
E'en darkness will afford us joy,  
Till Thou shalt call, and we shall soar,  
And part with darkness evermore.

### HYMN CLXXXV.

MORNING OR EVENING.

- 1 O "God in CHRIST," thy endless love,  
Thy gifts are every evening new ;  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil like morning dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,  
Great Guardian of our sleeping hours !  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all our drooping powers.
- 3 Those powers we yield to thy command,  
To Thee we consecrate our days :  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
Demand perpetual acts of praise.

HYMN CLXXXVI.

MORNING.—Psalm iii. 5.

- 1 LORD of my life ! O may thy praise  
Employ my noblest pow'rs,  
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,  
And fills the circling hours.
- 2 Preserv'd by thine almighty arm  
I pass'd the shades of night,  
Serene and safe from every harm,  
And see returning light.
- 3 While many spent the night in sighs,  
And restless pains and woes,  
Sleep sweetly seal'd my yielding eyes  
In undisturb'd repose.
- 4 Death's likeness, o'er my features spread,  
On me in blessings came ;  
For Thou wast still about my bed  
To watch my helpless frame.
- 5 Oh ! may thy same almighty care  
My waking hours attend ;  
And may thy Grace from every snare  
My heedless steps defend !
- 6 Smile on my minutes, as they roll,  
And guide my future days ;  
*And let REDEMPTION fill my soul  
With gratitude and praise.*

HYMN CLXXXVII.

MORNING.

- 1 **ONCE** more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes my waking eyes ;  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To Him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his Name repeats,  
Each day renews the sound,  
Far as the heavens on which he sits  
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis He supports my mortal frame ;  
Salvation speaks his praise ;  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
His Grace that wrath delays.
- 4 My God ! let all my hours be thine,  
Whilst I enjoy the light !  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a cheerful night.

HYMN CLXXXVIII.

EVENING.

- 1 **DREAD** \* Sovereign ! let my evening song,  
Like holy incense, rise :  
Assist the offerings of my tongue:  
To reach the lofty skies.

\* Awful.

**216** OCCASIONAL.—MORNING AND EVENING.

- 2 Perpetual blessings from above  
Encompass me around :—  
But oh ! what poor returns of love  
Hath my Creator found !
- 3 What have I done for Him, who died  
To save my wretched soul ?  
How are my follies multiplied,  
Fast as my minutes roll !
- 4 Griev'd at this guilty heart of mine,  
LORD ! to thy Cross I flee ;  
And to thy Grace myself resign  
To be renew'd by Thee.
- 5 Fresh-sprinkled with atoning blood  
I lay me down to rest,  
As in the bosom of my God,  
By Thee, my SAVIOUR, blest.

**HYMN CLXXXIX.**

*The same.*

- 1 THOU, my ever-bounteous LORD !  
Daily mercies dost afford ;  
Thy kind eye, that needs not sleep,  
My defenceless hours shall keep ;  
Blest vicissitude to me !  
Day and night I'm still with Thee.
- 2 While the Empress of the night  
Gently sheds her silver light ;



- While the stars unnumber'd roll  
 Round the ever-constant Pole ;  
 Far above yon spangled skies,  
 All my soul to God shall rise .
- 3 'Mid the silence of the night  
 Let me join those angels bright,  
 Whose harmonious voices raise  
 Ceaseless songs of joy and praise ;  
 Mixt with theirs thy pitying ear  
 Shall my humble accents hear.
- 4 What, if death my sleep invade ?  
 Shall I be of death afraid ?  
 Whilst I'm shielded by thine arm,  
 Death may strike, but cannot harm ;  
 Blest alternative to me,  
 Thus to sleep or wake with Thee !
- 5 See the golden Gates display'd !  
 See the Crown to grace my head !  
 See a flood of sacred Light  
 Which no more shall yield to night !  
 Transitory world, farewell ;  
 Jesus calls with Him to dwell.

## HYMN CXG.

*For Peace.*—Isaiah xlv. 7.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies !  
 One effort of thy sovereign breath,  
 Can sink the world or bid it rise,  
 Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

- 2 God's awful sway the nations own ;  
 He marks their course, He bounds their  
     pow'r ;  
 One look decisive from his throne,—  
 And rage and war are heard no more.
- 3 Now Peace returns with balmy wing ;  
 Sweet Peace ! with thee what blessings fled ;  
 Now Plenty laughs, the vallies sing,  
 Reviv'd devotion lifts her head.
- 4 Thou good, and wise, and righteous LORD !  
 All move subservient to thy will ;  
 Both peace and war await thy word,  
 And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 5 To Thee we pay our grateful songs ;  
 Thine aid in CHRIST we still implore ;  
 O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues  
 Confess thy goodness, and adore !

## HYMN CXCI.

*For a Fast Day.*—Joel ii. 12—14.

- 1 LORD ! look on all assembled here,  
 Who in thy presence stand,  
 And intercede with vows sincere,  
 For this our sinful land.
- 2 Oh ! may we all with one consent  
 Fall low before thy Throne ;  
 With tears the Nation's sins lament,  
 The Church's and our own !

- 3 Ye saints, unite in fervent pray'r,  
If yet there may be hope ;  
Who knows but Mercy yet may spare,  
And bid the Angel stop ? \*
- 4 Great God of Hosts ! deliverance bring ;  
Guide those that guide the helm ;  
Support the state, preserve the King,  
And spare the guilty realm.
- 5 But should the sentence now be past,  
And we must feel the rod ;  
May living faith still hold us fast  
To our offended God !
- 6 Whatever be our destin'd case,  
Accept us in thy Son ;  
Give us thy Gospel and thy Grace,  
And then—thy will be done !

## HYMN CXCH.

*For the Same.*

- 1 GREAT God of Heaven and Nature, rise,  
And hear our loud united cries !  
See Britain bow before thy face  
Through all her coasts, to seek thy Grace.
- 2 Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down  
On every shore, on every town ;  
*But view us, LORD ! with pitying eye,*  
And lay thy lifted thunder by.

\* 2 Sam. xxiv. 16.

- 3 Forgive the follies of our times,  
And purge our land from all its crimes;  
Reform'd, and deck'd with Grace divine  
Let Princes, Priests, and People shine.
- 4 So may our God delight to bless  
His people's cause, the foe confess,  
Heart-wounded, the MESSIAH'S sword,  
While grateful Britain shouts—"THE

## HYMN CXCIIL.

*For the Same.*

- 1 DREAD JEHOVAH ! God of Nations !  
From thy temple in the skies,  
Hear thy people's supplications,  
And for our deliverance rise :  
Lo ! with deep contrition turning,  
In thy Holy Place we bend,  
Fasting, praying, weeping, mourning,  
Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 2 Though our sins, each heart confound;  
Long and loud for vengeance call ;  
Thou hast mercy more abounding ;  
JESUS' Blood can cleanse them all :  
Let that mercy veil transgression,  
Let that Blood our guilt efface,  
Save thy people from oppression,  
Save from spoil thy Holy Place.

- 3 Hear the vows Contrition tenders,  
 With our hosts to battle go ;  
 Shield the land of our defenders,  
 Disappoint the cruel foe :  
 So when war shall cease from raging,  
 Thine, O God ! shall be the praise ;  
 And in holy bonds engaging,  
 We will serve Thee all our days.

## HYMN CXCV.

*For the Same.*

- 1 OH ! may the Power that "breaks the rock,"  
 Descend on all assembled here !  
 Else will our service only mock  
 The God whom we profess to fear.
- 2 Alas ! both Heaven and Earth have heard  
 Our vile requital of his love :  
 We, whom like children He has rear'd,  
 Against his goodness rebels prove.
- 3 His Grace despis'd, his Power defied,  
 See legions of the foulest crimes,  
 Profaneness, riot, lust, and pride  
 Infest these dark portentous\* times.
- 4 The LORD incens'd hath rais'd his rod ;—  
 Ah ! where are now the faithful few,  
 Who tremble for the Ark of God,  
 And know what Israel ought to do †

\* Ill-boding.

† 1 Chron. xii. 32.

- 5 LORD ! hear thy people every where,  
 Who meet to mourn, confess, and pray ;  
 The Church of CHRIST, the nation spare,  
 And let thy wrath be turn'd away.

## HYMN CXCV.

*For New Year's Day.—Psalm xc. 9.*

- 1 REMARK, my Soul, the narrow bounds  
 Of each revolving year ;  
 How swift the weeks complete their rounds,  
 How short the months appear !
- 2 So fast Eternity comes on,  
 And that important day,  
 When God will all that men have done  
 In his just balance weigh.
- 3 Yes, like an idle tale, we pass  
 The swift-revolving year ;  
 Still vainly aiming to amass  
 Poor fleeting treasures here.
- 4 Awake, O God ! my trifling heart  
 Its great concern to see ;  
 " Complete in CHRIST " to act my part,  
 And give the year to Thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,  
 If future years arise ;  
 Or this shall bear my ripen'd soul  
 To joy that never dies.

## HYMN CXCVI.

*For the same.*—Psalm lxxv. 11.

- 1 **ETERNAL** Source of every joy !  
Thy praise in **CHRIST** our lips employ,  
While in thy Temple we appear,  
To crown Thee Sovereign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of Nature roll,  
Thy hand supports and guides the whole ;  
The Sun is taught by Thee to rise ;  
The night by Thee to veil the skies.
- 3 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days  
Demand successive songs of praise ;  
Oh ! be the grateful homage paid  
With morning light and evening shade.
- 4 Here in Thy House let incense rise,  
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,  
Till to our SAVIOUR'S joy we soar,  
Where days and years revolve no more.

## HYMN CXCVII.

*For the Same.*

- 1 **GOD** of our life ! Thy various praise  
Let mortal voices sound ;  
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,  
And brings the seasons round.
- 2 To Thee shall yearly incense rise,  
Our Father and our Friend !  
While yearly mercies from the skies  
In genial streams descend.

- 3 In every scene of life Thy care,  
 In every age we see ;  
 And constant as thy favours are,  
 So let our praises be.
- 4 Now let the same compassion deign  
 To bless the opening year ;  
 And may the SAVIOUR'S gracious reign,  
 To all our souls be dear !
- 5 Let Grace this foolish heart of mine  
 From anxious passions free ;  
 Each comfort teach me to resign,  
 And trust my all to Thee.
- 6 If bounties flow, let bounties bring  
 My wandering soul to God ;  
 Ev'n in affliction I shall sing,  
 If Thou wilt bless the rod.

## HYMN CXCVIII.

*On Spring.*

- 1 **WHAT** a change has taken place !  
 Emblem of the spring of Grace !  
 How the soul in winter mourns,  
 Till the LORD, her sun, returns ;  
 Till the SPIRIT'S gentle rain  
 Bids the heart revive again !  
 Then the stone is turn'd to flesh,  
 Then each Grace buds forth afresh.
- 2 **LORD**, afford a spring to me !  
 Let me feel like what I see ;  
 Oh ! beloved SAVIOUR, haste,  
 Tell me all the storms are past :—



On thy garden deign to smile,  
 Raise the plants, enrich the soil ;  
 Soon thy presence will restore  
 Life to what seem'd dead before.

- 3 Then conduct me to that home,  
 Whither changes never come ;  
 Where thy Saints no winter fear,  
 Where 'tis spring throughout the year :  
 Where the flowers unfading blow,  
 And the living waters flow ;  
 Where no chilling blasts annoy,  
 All is love, and bloom, and joy.

## HYMN CXCI.

*The Poor in Harvest.*—Deut. xxiv. 19—22.

- 1 IF thine harvest yield thee pleasure,  
 If the golden sheaf thou bind ;  
 To the poor belongs the treasure  
 Of the scatter'd ears behind :  
 These thy God ordains to bless  
 The widow and the fatherless.
- 2 If thine olive plants increasing  
 Pour their plenty o'er the plain,  
 Grateful thou receive the blessing :  
 But the boughs search not again :  
 These thy God, &c.
- 3 If the favour'd vintage flowing  
 Gladdens thine autumnal scene ;  
 Own the bounteous hand bestowing ;  
 Let the poor the vineyard glean :  
 These thy God, &c.

- 4 When we read thy Word revealing  
 Mercy, LORD, thy sweet decree ;  
 Mercy, ev'ry sorrow healing,  
 Melts the heart to copy Thee :  
 This our God, &c.

## HYMN CC.

*Remember thy Creator in thy Youth.*

Eccl. xii. 1.

- 1 **WHILE** health, and strength, and youth  
 remain,  
 And pleasure flows uncheck'd by pain,  
 LORD ! for Thyself my soul prepare,  
 By Faith, by Penitence, and Pray'r.
- 2 So when the snares of sin are spread  
 Around my unsuspecting head,  
 Thy Grace shall Satan's pow'r control,  
 And from temptation guard my soul.
- 3 So when the cares of life molest,  
 And sorrows whelm my troubled breast,  
 Thy Word shall bid the tempest cease,  
 And Faith reveal the **PRINCE OF PEACE**.
- 4 And when my health, and youth decay,  
 When life's gay vision melts away,  
 Eternal bliss my soul shall prove  
 In realms of everlasting Love.

## HYMN CCI.

*Young Persons encouraged.*—Prov. viii. 17.

- 1 YE hearts, with youthful vigour warm,  
In grateful crowds draw near,  
And turn from every mortal charm  
The SAVIOUR'S voice to hear.
- 2 The Lord of all the worlds on high  
Stoops to converse with you ;  
And lays His beaming glories by,  
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see My Face,  
"My lasting Love shall gain :  
"And those that early seek My Grace,  
"Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What idol, LORD ! my soul should move,  
If once compar'd with Thee ?  
What beauty should command my love,  
Like what in CHRIST I see ?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,  
Vain tempters of the mind !  
'Tis here I seek eternal joys ;  
'Tis here true bliss I find.

## HYMN CCII.

*The Young Man's Prayer.*—Psalm cxix. 9.

- 1 WITH humble heart and tongue,  
To Thee, My GOD ! I pray :  
My SAVIOUR, teach, Oh ! teach the young,  
How he may cleanse his way.

- 2        Make an unguarded youth  
           Almighty LORD, Thy care ;  
 Help me to choose the way of Truth,  
           And fly from every snare.
- 3        My heart to folly prone  
           Renew by power divine ;  
 Unite it to Thyself alone,  
           And make me wholly Thine.
- 4        So shall thy servant learn  
           Betimes to cleanse his way,  
 And in thy Word the path discern,  
           That leads to endless day.

## HYMN CCIII.

*The Tolling Bell.*

- 1    **OFT** as the bell with solemn toll  
       Speaks the departure of a soul ;  
       Let each one ask himself, "Am I  
       "Prepar'd, should I be call'd, to die?"
- 2    Only this frail and fleeting breath  
       Preserves me from the jaws of death ;  
       Soon as it fails, my soul is gone,  
       And plung'd into a world unknown.
- 3    Then leaving all I lov'd below,  
       To God's tribunal I must go ;  
       Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,  
       And fix my everlasting state.
- 4    My SAVIOUR ! help me now to flee  
       From future wrath by faith in Thee !  
       Apply thy Blood, thy SPIRIT give,  
       Subdue my sin, and in me live.
-

- 5 Then when the solemn bell I hear,  
Cleans'd from my guilt, I need not fear ;  
Although it seems to say to me,  
" Perhaps I next may toll for thee."

## HYMN CCIV.

*Death of Pastors, and Pious Friends.*

Joshua i. 2—5.

- 1 COME, let our mourning hearts revive,  
And let our tears be dry ;  
Why should these eyes be drown'd in grief,  
Which view the SAVIOUR nigh ?
- 2 What though our Shepherds dwell in dust,  
The aged, and the young,  
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,  
And mute th' instructive tongue ?
- 3 The eternal Shepherd still survives  
New comfort to impart ;  
His eye still guides our steps, his voice  
Still animates the heart.
- 4 Through every scene of life and death  
His presence is our trust ;  
And this shall be our children's song,  
When we are cold in dust.

## HYMN CCV.

*Blessedness of the pious Dead.*—Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 IN vain my fancy strives to paint  
The moment after death,  
The glories that surround the Saint,  
When yielding up his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks,  
We scarce can say, "He's gone!"  
Before the willing spirit takes  
Her mansion near the Throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all our efforts fail,  
To trace her heaven-ward flight:  
No eye can pierce within the veil,  
Which hides that world of light.
- 4 This much, and this is all, we know,  
They are completely blest,  
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,  
And in their SAVIOUR rest.
- 5 On harps of gold they praise his Name,  
His Face they always view:—  
LORD! make our lives and deaths the same,  
That we may praise Thee too!

## HYMN CCVI.

*Death of a Friend.*

- 1 PEACE! 'tis the LORD JEHOVAH's hand,  
That blasts our joys in death;  
*Deforms the visage once so dear,  
And stops th' engaging breath.*

- 2 'Tis He, whose Justice might demand  
Our souls a sacrifice ;  
Yet whose unwearied hand bestows  
A thousand rich supplies,
- 3 He is our Father and our God  
In CHRIST, th' atoning LORD ;  
Whose Grace can heal the bursting heart  
With one reviving word.
- 4 Silent I own JEHOVAH's hand ;  
I kiss th' inflicted rod ;  
And yield my comforts and my life  
To Thy commands, O God !

## **Doxologies.**

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**GLORY**, honour, praise, and power,  
Be unto the Lord for ever ;  
**JESUS CHRIST** is our Redeemer,  
Hallelujah,  
Praise the **LORD**.

### **COMMON METRE.**

**NOW** let the **FATHER**, and the **SON**,  
And **SPIRIT** be ador'd,  
Where there are works to make Him known,  
Or Saints to love the **LORD**.

### **LONG METRE.**

**PRAISE** **GOD**, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, Angelic host ;  
Praise **FATHER**, **SON**, and **HOLY GHOST**.

### **SINGLE METRE.**

**YE** Angels round the Throne,  
And Saints that sojourn here,  
Worship the **FATHER**, praise the **SON**,  
The **HOLY GHOST** revere.



## SEVENS.

**SING** we to our God above  
Praise eternal as His love,  
Praise Him, all ye Heavenly Host,  
**FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.**

## THE OLD 104TH.

**TO** God, the great God,  
One God ever blest,  
By Saints upon earth  
All praise be address'd,  
With Angels in Heaven  
Of every degree,  
As hath been and now is,  
And always shall be.

## THE OLD 112TH.

**IMMORTAL** honours, endless fame  
Attend th' Almighty **FATHER's** name ;  
Th' incarnate **SON** be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died ;  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal **COMFORTER !** to Thee.

## THE OLD 113TH.

**TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,**  
The God, whom Heaven's triumphant host,  
And suffering Saints on earth adore,  
All glory, as in ages past,  
Be now ascrib'd, and ever last,  
When time itself shall be no more.

## EIGHTS AND SIXES.

**ALL** glory to th' eternal Three,  
 Thee, **FATHER**, Thee, **O SON**, and Thee,  
 The **SPIRIT**, ever blest !  
 That glory, which through ages past  
 Unchang'd has stood, and yet shall last,  
 When time has sunk to rest.

## THE OLD 148TH.

**TO** God the Father's throne  
 Perpetual honours raise,  
 Glory to God the SON,  
 To God the **SPIRIT** praise :—  
 With all our pow'rs,  
 Thy name we sing,  
 While faith adores  
 Th' eternal King.

## SEVENS AND SIXES.

**FATHER**, **SON**, and **HOLY GHOST**,  
 One **GOD** whom we adore !  
 Join we with the heavenly host  
 To praise Thee evermore :  
 Live by Heaven and Earth ador'd,  
 Three in One and One in Three ;  
 Holy, holy, holy **LORD**,  
*All glory be to Thee.*

## Appendix.

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### HYMN CCVII.

*St. Stephen's Vision.*—Acts vii. 55—60.

- 1 **AS** some tall rock amid the waves  
The fury of the tempest braves ;  
While the fierce billows, toss'd on high,  
Break at his foot and murmuring die ;  
So they, who in the **LORD** confide,  
Though foes assault on every side,  
Cannot be mov'd, or overthrown,  
For **JESUS** makes their cause His own.

So faithful Stephen, undismay'd,  
The malice of the Jews survey'd ;  
The holy zeal that fill'd his breast,  
A lustre on his face impress'd :  
“That **JESUS** whom you lately slew,  
“My glorious **LORD** appears in view ;  
“Behold (he said,) the world of light  
“Is open to my strengthen'd sight.”

- 3 With such a Friend and Witness near,  
No form of death could make him fear ;  
Calm amid showers of stones he kneels  
And only for his murderers feels.  
May we by faith perceive Thee thus,  
*Blest SAVIOUR !* ever near to us ;  
*This sight* our peace thro' life shall keep.  
*And death* be fear'd no more than sleep.

## HXMN CCVIII.

*Creation.*—Gen. i.

- 1 "NOW let a world's materials rise,"  
Pronounc'd th' Eternal LORD ;  
At once th' obedient earth and skies  
Rose at his Sovereign Word.
- 2 Dark, void, confus'd the waters lay ;  
The brooding\* SPIRIT came :  
God call'd the light ; the new-born Day  
Diffus'd its genial† flame.
- 3 He bids the clouds ascend on high,  
The clouds ascend, and bear  
A watery treasure to the sky,  
And float on softer air.
- 4 The liquid element below  
Was gather'd by his Hand ;  
The rolling seas together flow,  
And leave the solid land.
- 5 Herbs, plants, and verdure to adorn  
The naked globe, He rears ;  
Then sun, and moon, and stars are born  
To mark our months and years.
- 6 Summon'd by Heaven's Almighty King,  
Out of the waters came  
The feather'd fowls of every wing,  
And fish of every name.

\* Gen. 1. The Spirit of God *moved*. The original word means 'brooded,' like birds in hatching their young.

† *Causing life or joy.*

- 7 At once the lion and the worm  
 Spring from the teeming ground ;  
 And man's erect commanding form  
 With God's own image crown'd.
- 8 Thus glorious in its Maker's eye  
 The young creation stood ;  
 He saw the building from on high,  
 His word pronounc'd it good.
- 9 LORD ! while the frame of nature stands,  
 Thy praise should fill our tongue ;—  
 But the new World of Grace demands  
 A new and loftier song.

## HYMN CCIX.

*Conversation of religious Friends.*—Eph. iv. 29.

- 1 MAY He by whose kind care we meet,  
 Send his good SPIRIT from above,  
 Make our communications sweet,  
 In flame our hearts with holy love !
- 2 Restrain'd be now each worldly theme,  
 When Christians see each other thus ;  
 We only wish to speak of Him,  
 Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us ;
- 3 To talk of all He did and said,  
 And suffer'd for us here below,  
 The path he mark'd for us to tread,  
 And what He's doing for us now .

- 4 Thus, as our moments fly away,  
 We joy, and wonder, and adore;  
 And hasten to that glorious Day,  
 When we shall meet to part no more.

## HYMN CCX.

*On Removing Residence.*—Gen. xii. 7,

- 1 GREAT GOD! where'er we pitch our tent  
 Let us an altar raise;  
 And there with humble voice present  
 Our sacrifice of praise.
- 2 To Thee our health and strength we give  
 While health and strength shall last;  
 In hopes of future mercies live,  
 Nor e'er forget the past.

## HYMN CCXI.

*For the Sick.*

- 1 MY GOD! my grateful heart I'll raise  
 A daily altar to Thy praise:—  
 Thy friendly hand my course directs,  
 Thy watchful eye my bed protects.
- 2 Past mercies bind my soul to Thee,  
 And teach me whither I must flee;  
 The same almighty Arm can aid,  
 Now sickness grieves, and pains invade.
- 3 To all the varied helps of art,  
 Thy kind, thy healing power impart;  
 Bethesda's bath refus'd to save,  
*Unless Thine Angel bless'd the wave,*

- 4 All medicines act by thy decree,  
Receive commission all from Thee,  
And every plant, which spreads the plain,  
Will teem with health if Thou ordain.
- 5 But grant me nobler favours still,  
Grant me to know and do thy will ;  
My spirit purge from every stain,  
And save me from eternal pain.
- 6 Can such a wretch for pardon sue ?  
My sins, my sins arise to view,  
Arrest my trembling tongue in pray'r,  
And bode the horrors of despair.
- 7 But oh ! regard my contrite sighs,  
My wounded breast, my weeping eyes ;  
To me thy pardoning love extend,  
My God, my Father, and my Friend !
- 8 These tender names I ne'er could plead,  
Had not Thy Son vouchsaf'd to bleed ;  
His death is all-sufficient found  
To honour Thee, and heal my wound.
- 9 Thou great Physician of the soul !  
Grant me thy SPIRIT, make me whole :  
So pain and death shall both agree,  
To bring me, LORD, at last to Thee.

FOR LENT SEASON.—P. 59.

## PSALM CXIX.

*Devotedness to God's Commands.*

- 1 **WITH** my whole heart I've sought Thy face,  
 O let me never stray  
 From Thy commands, O God of Grace,  
 Nor tread the sinner's way.
- 2 Securely in my bosom laid  
 Thy Word my treasure rests,  
 To succour me with timely aid,  
 When sinful thought infests.
- 3 I hold sweet converse with the Saints,  
 Who fear and love the LORD :  
 My sorrows rise, my spirit faints,  
 When men transgress Thy Word.
- 4 Oh ! that Thy statutes ev'ry hour  
 I may recall to mind !  
 Thence I derive a quickening pow'r,  
 There solid peace I find.

## HYMN CCXII.

*Family Religion.*—Gen. xviii. 19.

- 1 **FATHER** of all, whose watchful care  
 Our roof protects, from whom we share  
 A thousand gifts, by Thee ordain'd,  
 By Thee from day to day sustain'd.
- 2 To Thee most worthy to be prais'd,  
 Be our domestic altar rais'd :—  
*The Lord of Heaven vouchsafes to dwell  
 With Saints in their obscurest cell.*



- 3 To Thee may each assembled house,  
Morning and night perform their vows ;  
Our babes and servants, old and young  
Learn what thy holy Prophets sung.
- 4 Oh ! may our latest race proclaim  
Our meek REDEEMER's glorious Name ;  
When we, conducted by thy Love,  
Have join'd thy Family above !

## HYMN CCXIII.

*Desire to fly from Sin.—Ps. lv. 6, 7.*

- 1 HOW blest the Dove that swiftly flies  
From man, and guilt, and sorrow far,  
Where no assaults of passion rise,  
No bosom-foes, no sound of war.
- 2 Oh ! that thy lone retreat were mine,  
That I from sin and woe might flee !  
Oh ! that the swiftest wings like thine,  
Sweet bird of Peace, were given to me !
- 3 Then would I hasten far away  
From all that lures or frights my soul ;  
Behold beneath the lightnings play,  
And hear the distant thunders roll.
- 4 Vain wish !—but come the destin'd Day,  
When Saints to meet their LORD shall soar !  
Come JESUS ! bear me far away,  
And be my rest for evermore.

## HYMN CCXIV.

*God's Glory in his Works.*

- 1 **THE** Sun that walks his airy way  
To light the world and give the day  
The Moon that shines with borrow'd light,  
The Stars that gild the gloomy night ;
- 2 The Seas that roll unnumber'd waves,  
The Wood that spreads its shady leaves ;  
The Field whose ears conceal the grain,  
The yellow treasures of the plain :
- 3 The whole of these and all I see,  
Ought to be sung, and sung by me ;  
They speak their **MAKER** as they can,  
But want and ask the tongue of man.

## HYMN CCXV.

*Jesus touched with the Feeling of our Infirmities.*

Heb. iv. 15.

- 1 **WHEN** gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark and friends are few ;  
On Him I lean who not in vain  
Experienc'd every human pain ;  
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.  
If ought should tempt my heart to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way ;  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the thing I would not do ;  
Still He who felt temptation's pow'r  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,  
 Despis'd by those I priz'd too well ;  
 He shall his pitying aid bestow,  
 Who felt on earth severer woe,  
 At once betray'd, denied, or fled  
 By those who shar'd his daily bread.
- 4 When veering thoughts within me rise,  
 And sore dismay'd my spirit dies ;  
 Yet He who once vouchsaf'd to hear  
 The sickening anguish of despair,  
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 5 When mourning o'er some stone I bend,  
 Which covers all that was a friend ;  
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
 Divides me for a little while ;  
 Thou, SAVIOUR, mark'st the tears I shed,  
 For Thou did'st weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 6 And Oh ! when I have safely pass'd  
 Thro' every trial but the last ;  
 Still, still unchanging watch beside  
 My painful bed—for Thou hast died ;  
 Then point to realms of cloudless day  
 And wipe the latest tear away !

## HYMN CCXVI.

*Parting of Christian Friends.*

- 1 AS the Sun's enlivening eye  
 Shines on every place the same,  
 So the LORD is always nigh  
 To the souls that love his name.

- 2 When they move at duty's call  
He is with them by the way ;  
He is ever with them all,  
Those who go and those who stay.
- 3 From his holy mercy-seat  
Nothing can their souls confine ;  
Still in spirit they may meet,  
Still in sweet communion join.
- 4 For a season call'd to part,  
Let us then ourselves commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 5 JESUS ! hear our humble pray'r,  
Tender Shepherd of the Sheep,  
Let thy mercy and thy care  
All our souls in safety keep.
- 6 In thy strength may we be strong ;  
Sweeten every cross and pain ;  
Till we see thy face ere long  
Never more to part again.

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## ERRATA.

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Page 14, 1st hymn on the page, last stanza, line 2,  
For *And*, read *All*.

Line 3, for

“There love, and joy without a tear,  
Abide with endless peace.”

read,

“Joy dwells unsullied by a tear,  
And everlasting peace.”

Page 27 — stanza 5 — for *hails* read *hail*.

For page 58, read page 57.

For page 59 (2) read 59 (1) — for page 62 (2) read 62 (1)

Page 92—Psalm 72—stanza 2—for *endless* read *ceaseless*.

— 118 — Hymn 105 — stanza 4 — after LORD dele ,

— 132 — Psalm 33 — stanza 4 — for *love* read *grace*.

For page 208 read 207 (1) — for page 209 read 208.

Page 141 — Psalm 34 — stanza 1 — for LORD read God.

— 185 — 122 — 5 — *there* — *here*.

— 213 — Hymn 185 — 1 — O — *my*.

— 222 — 195 — 5 — *yes* — *yet*.

















